THE AMERICAN SCHOOL LEADERS

FIFTH READER

OSWELL AND GILBERT

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FIFTH READER

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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

FIFTH READER

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AND

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PREFACE

THE Fifth Reader, Book VI of the American School Readers Series, is intended for use in graded schools in grades five or six, or both, according to local conditions, and for use by the older pupils in rural schools. Like its predecessors in the series, it contains literature of a high order and of great variety, all suitable for reading by children of eleven to fourteen years of age. It contains for such children more good literature of a kind that they can readily read and enjoy than is usually found in fifth readers.

In addition to the excellence of its selections and its careful grading, the book contains questions upon the matter read and suggestions for study intended to introduce children to the real and sympathetic pursuit of literature. The questions are not technical and are not mere questions of fact upon the text; they aim rather to arouse curiosity as to the literary motives of the authors quoted, and to stimulate appreciation and cultivate taste.

It is not enough for children in the higher grades merely to read lessons in a reader. They should read

understandingly and sympathetically, and should have their eyes opened more and more to the finer qualities of good literature. The authors believe that the use of this Fifth Reader will greatly help to this desirable end.

The book, however, is not heavy, and the literature is not, like that of many fifth readers, beyond the comprehension of children. The questions for study are not "learned" and discouraging; on the contrary they are stimulating and suggestive, and will add to the pleasure of the reading.

The authors beg leave gratefully to acknowledge the valuable criticism of the manuscript by Professor Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia.

They also acknowledge with thanks the courteous permission of The Macmillan Company for the use of "The Albatross Family," from *Mrs. Over the Way*, by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and William H. Hayne, the author, for permission to use "A Sea Lyric," and of Janey Hope Marr for the use of three selections from *Arms and the Man* by her father, the late James Barron Hope.

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FIFTH READER

FIFTH READER

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Memorize this selection.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

CHAPTER I

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and to grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.[a]

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day

long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap on the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly visaged[1] schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

[1] **Ugly visaged,** having an ugly face.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate[1] appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous[2] disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, and finally confessed that he had run

[1] **Sedate,** serious, solemn. [2] **Ingenuous,** simple, trusting.

away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased the butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

CHAPTER II

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers

were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it would be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all the day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil.[b] But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his

shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; and he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance[1] to Mr. Toil.

The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to

[1] **Resemblance**, likeness.

stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broadaxes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright. "Make haste. Quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went

to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting[1] the other carpenters to be diligent. And whenever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage,[2] the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster (c) over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

CHAPTER III

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and a fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what

[1] **Exhorting**, urging. [2] **Visage**, face.

haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feathers on his head, a pair of gold epaulets[1] on his shoulders, a

[1] **Epaulets,** shoulder badges worn by army and navy officers.

laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And, though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

CHAPTER IV

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came

to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity[1] as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join the dance.

[1] **Dexterity**, skill.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world.[d] Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most

splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable[1] brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle

[1] **Innumerable**, countless.

habits, and goes by the name of Mr. Do Nothing.[e] He pretends to lead an easy life, but he is really the most miserable fellow of the family."

"Oh, take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is, — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to the school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil

was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit[1] more tiresome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

According to the Bible story, the care of the garden of Eden was merely pleasant exercise, as the earth yielded naturally all that man needed. The curse put upon Adam was "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat."

Is hard work a blessing or a curse to men as the world is now?

How many brothers had Mr. Toil?

What did each one do?

[1] **Whit**, particle, bit.

(*a*) page 2. Was it a blessing or a curse for Adam to have to go to work? Why?

(*b*) page 6. Did you ever think that the task of some one else was easier to do than yours? Did you look to see if Mr. Toil was near?

(*c*) page 9. Is all work a taskmaster?

What may make even hard work pleasant?

Why is it easier to play ball hard for two hours than to help father or mother a half hour?

(*d*) page 13. Is anything worth while accomplished without work? If a worker cannot enjoy work, is he likely to get much enjoyment?

(*e*) page 15. Were you ever punished by being compelled to sit and do nothing? How did it compare with working?

Does this story gain in interest from beginning to end? Is it due to the continual reappearance of Mr. Toil?

Do you find any words repeated with each appearance that make the interest grow?

What does this story mean?

Would you rather work or play? Why?

What work do you like best? Why?

Write a story of a boy or girl who did nothing but play all day.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804–1864, the author of this story, lived near Boston, Massachusetts. Other stories of his that you have perhaps read are *Tanglewood Tales*, *Twice-told Tales*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

MARCO BOZZARIS

Marco Bozzaris, a hero of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.

His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.
At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote[1] band, —
True as the steel of their blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's[2] thousands stood,

[1] **Suliote,** Grecian.

[2] **Persian,** King Xerxes.

There had the glad earth drunk their
blood,
On old Platæa's[1] day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and
smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

[1] **Platæa**, a city of Greece near which in ancient times the Greeks fought a great battle with the army of Xerxes.

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem[1] slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.
Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song and dance and wine, —
And thou art terrible; the tear,

[1] **Moslem**, Turk, Mohammedan.

The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel leaf, blood bought;
Come in her crowning hour,—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian Isles[1] were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,[2]
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian[3] seas.

[1] **Indian Isles,** India, the land that Columbus supposed he had reached.

[2] **Genoese,** Columbus.

[3] **Haytian,** of Hayti.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,[1]
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek

[1] **Pageantry,** formal display.

Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys, —
And even she who gave thee birth, —
Will, by her pilgrim circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Stanzas one and two give two contrasting pictures. Describe each. What was the meaning of the Turk's dream?

What was happening to disturb his dream?

What is the meaning of lines 47–57?

What is contrasted with this in the following stanza?

Why should Bozzaris welcome death?

What reward was to be his?

What is the meaning of "thou art freedom's now, and fame's"? (line 108.)

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790–1867, was one of the earliest poets of America. He was a friend of Irving, with whose *Rip Van Winkle* and *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* you are doubtless familiar.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence.[1] The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating[2] coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive[3] heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub and flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego,[4] or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley to mingle the signs of men with the scenes

[1] **Eminence**, height.
[2] **Invigorating**, strengthening.
[3] **Excessive**, great.
[4] **Otsego**, a lake in Central New York.

of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed: "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain. Can some little one be strayed from its parents? It may be a wanderer, starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions had stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with his eyes closed and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant

object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said; "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion.

The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by that of her friend,

where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther fixed on them in horrid malignity,[1] and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to leave a companion in such an extremity;[2] and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate[3] Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive[4] readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,[5] and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried,—her own tones beginning to tremble,—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter grown cub that had hitherto been unseen now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under

[1] **Malignity,** intent to harm.
[2] **Extremity,** serious danger.
[3] **Inanimate,** lifeless.
[4] **Instinctive,** natural, without thinking.
[5] **Respiration,** breathing.

the shade of a beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its forepaws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching in the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted,[1] his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced by the cub appearing in the

[1] **Undaunted**, not afraid.

air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would

shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, — who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, — from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of the dog. For a moment only could the panther remain there; the great strength of the dog returned with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck was the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and

stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next, to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches beyond its broad feet.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination;[1] and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the

[1] **Termination,** ending.

enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leatherstocking rushed by her, and he called aloud, "Come in, Hector, you old fool; 'tis a hard lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty most fearlessly maintained his position in front of the maiden, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

From *The Pioneers,* James Fenimore Cooper.

Questions for Study

Is this a good story? Why do you think so? What part of it do you like best?

Are you chiefly interested in the dog or in the people?

If you like this story, you would like the whole book from which it is taken.

James Fenimore Cooper, 1789–1851, was the first American novelist of note. He wrote chiefly thrilling tales of adventure on land and sea by the early American settlers.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

About 1709 a sailing master named Alexander Selkirk, after having trouble with the captain, was put ashore on an uninhabited island off the coast of Chili.

There he lived alone for many years until finally rescued by a passing vessel. He is supposed to have been the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

In the following verses the poet Cowper attempts to describe the feelings of the lonely man:

I am monarch of all I survey —
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I might then assuage
In the ways of religion and truth, —
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy — encouraging thought! —
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Why is the speaker "monarch of all he surveys"? Does he enjoy his kingdom? Why not? What does he miss the most in his solitude? Does he find any comfort in it?

What kept him from despair?

William Cowper, 1731–1800, an English poet, wrote chiefly of simple home scenes. Possibly you have read his humorous tale of *John Gilpin's Ride*.

"He does not come — he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating[1] the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated[2] the beautiful range of oaks which constituted[3] the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the center of a clump around which a wild grape gadded[4] luxuriantly;[5] and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered — her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination.

[1] **Contemplating**, looking at.
[2] **Terminated**, ended.
[3] **Constituted**, made up.
[4] **Gadded**, twined about.
[5] **Luxuriantly**, with an abundant growth.

Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them.

In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head — and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed, — fastened, as it were, to a single spot — gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes, bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and

crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a starlike shining glance, — a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid luster that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes.

Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the starlike eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing large and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and

wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting in her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated[1] with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bent forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her, — such a scream as the mock bird makes when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort.

More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the starlike eye was yet upon her own — a small, bright eye, quick like

[1] **Irradiated,** gave out like rays.

that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of her, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew fixed, — a very principle of light, — and such a light — a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look — shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination,[1] and confusing strangely that of perception.

She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors — bright, gay, various colors — floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spellbound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more in-

[1] **Discrimination,** judgment.

secure — her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever.

This movement had the effect for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich starlike glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the movement of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depend-

ing upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded,[1] though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audible articulated[2] ring, like that of a watch wound up with the verge[3] broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated.

She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to

[1] **Receded**, moved backward.
[2] **Articulated**, jointed. [3] **Verge**, spindle.

gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still piercing deeply into her own, — the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her, — its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight.

Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering

like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous[1] rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile, the stillness became deathlike with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from its victim. Its corded muscles are all in coils. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its

[1] **Pendulous**, hanging down.

eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed — once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced upon her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy — her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach — now advancing, now receding — now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike — the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated[1] fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth — and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and

[1] **Tubulated,** having a tube within.

she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted — and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution[1] which he took for the purpose; but the arrow completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desper-

[1] **Evolution**, turning.

ately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

From *The Yemassee*, William Gilmore Simms.

Questions for Study

The belief is an old one that snakes can fascinate human beings by the power of their eyes. This story is based upon that belief.

Did the girl feel the influence of the snake before she saw him? How did it affect her? How did she first become aware of the snake? What was the effect then? Could she do anything to save herself? What part did the bird play?

Does the interest in this story grow toward the end?

This story of adventure suggests the "Escape from a Panther," page 24. Which story interests you the more, this one or the panther story? Why? Which is the more thrilling? Is one more natural than the other? Which comes to the point the sooner? Which grows in interest the more?

William Gilmore Simms, 1806–1870, was the great early novelist of the South. He was the chronicler of pioneer life of that region, as Cooper was of that in the Northern States.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved
a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat look-
ing on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies
in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge,
with one for whom he sighed;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that
crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the
royal beasts below.
Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid
laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams,
a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they
rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in
a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisk-
ing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're
better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"
She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled:
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

Questions for Study

What did the lady want to show?

Did the Count "serve her right"?

What did the King think about it?

Does this verse move swiftly or slowly? That is, does it make you read rapidly or slowly? Can you see why?

Which suggests a quicker movement, this or *Lochinvar?*

What do the following suggest to you? "One for whom he sighed"; "royal hearts"; "horrid, laughing jaws"; "no love, but vanity"?

The Glove and the Lions was written by **Leigh Hunt**, 1784–1859, an English poet.

THE ALBATROSS[1] FAMILY OF KERGUELEN'S LAND[2]

CHAPTER I

Father Albatross (a) had been out all day, and had come home to the island which gives its name to this story. He had only taken a short flight, for his wife was hatch-

[1] **Albatross,** the largest of sea birds, noted for its long flights.

[2] **Kerguelen's land,** an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean.

ing an egg, and he kept comparatively near the island where her nest was situated.

There was only one egg, but parental affection is not influenced by numbers. There is always love enough for the largest family, and everything that could be desired in an only child, and Mother Albatross was as proud as if she had been a hen sitting on a dozen.

The Father Albatross was very considerate. Not only did he deny himself those long flights which he and his mate had before so greatly enjoyed, but he generally contrived to bring back from his shorter trips some bits of news for her amusement.

Their island home lay far out of the common track of ships, but sometimes he sighted a distant vessel, and he generally found something to tell of birds or fish, whales or waterspouts,[1] icebergs or storms. When there was no news he discussed the winds and waves, as we talk of the weather and the crops.

Bits of news, like misfortunes, are apt to

[1] **Waterspout**, a whirling funnel-shaped mass of water.

come together. The very day on which the egg hatched, Father Albatross returned from his morning flight so full of what he had seen, that he hardly paid any attention to his mate's announcement of the addition to his family.

"Could you leave the nest for a quarter of an hour, my dear?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Mother Albatross; "as I have told you, the egg is hatched at last."

"These things always happen at the least convenient moments," said the father bird. "There's a ship within a mere wing-stretch, untold miles out of her course, and going down. I came away just as she was sinking, that you might have a chance of seeing her. It is a horrible sight."

"It must be terrible to witness," she replied, "and I would give worlds to see it; but a mother's first duty is the nest, and it is quite impossible for me to move. At the same time, I beg that you will return, and see whatever there is to be seen."

"It is not worth while," he answered; "there was not a moment to lose, and by

this time she must be at the bottom with all belonging to her."

"Could none of them fly away?" the Mother Albatross asked.

"No men have wings," replied her mate, "nor, for that matter, fins or scales either. They are very curious creatures. The fancy they have for wandering about between sea and sky, when Nature has not enabled them to support themselves in either, is truly wonderful. Go where you will over the ocean, you meet men, as you meet fish and birds. Then if anything disables these ships that they contrive to go about in, down they go, and as the men can neither float nor fly, they sink to the bottom like so many stones."

"Were there many on the ship you saw?" the mother bird asked.

"More than one likes to see drowned in a batch," said Father Albatross; "and I feel most sorry for the captain. He was a fine fellow, with bright eyes and dark curly plumage, and would have been a handsome creature if he had had wings.[c] He was going about giving orders, and wherever he went

there went with him a large dog with dark bright curls like his own.

"I have seen the ship before, and I know the dog. His name is Carlo. He is the captain's property, and the ship's pet. Usually he is very quiet, and sometimes, when it blows, he is ill; but as a rule he lies on the deck, blinking with the most self-sufficient air you can imagine. However, today, from the moment that danger was imminent,[1] he seemed to be aware of it, and to have only one idea on the subject, to keep close to his master.

"He got in front of him as he moved about, sat down at his feet when he stood still, jumped on him when he shouted his orders, and licked his hands when he seized the ropes. In fact, he was most troublesome.

"But what can you expect of a creature that requires four legs to go about with, and can't rise above the earth even with these, and doesn't move as many yards in a day as I go miles in an hour? He can swim, but only for a certain length of time. However,

[1] **Imminent,** near at hand, threatening.

he is probably quiet enough now; and perhaps some lucky chance has rolled him to his master's feet below the sea." [d]

"Have men no contrivance for escaping on these occasions?" the mother bird inquired.

"They have boats, into which they go when the ship will hold them no longer. It is much as if you should put out the little one to fly in a storm, against which your own wings failed."

"Perhaps the boats are in good order when the ship is not," said Mother Albatross, who had a practical gift. "Were there boats to this one?"

"There were. I saw one lowered, and quickly filled with men, eager to snatch this last chance of life."

"Was the captain in it?" she asked.

"No. He stayed on the ship and gave orders. The dog stayed with him. Another boat was lowered and filled just as the ship went down."

"Was the captain in it?"

"Again, no. He stayed with the vessel and some others with him. They were

just sinking as I came for you. With the last glance I gave I saw the captain standing quite still near the wheel. The dog was sitting at his feet. They were both looking in one direction — away over the sea. But why should you distress yourself? It is all over long since. Think of the little one, and let us be thankful that we belong to a superior race. We might have been born without wings, like poor sailors." (e)

"I cannot help grieving for the captain," said Mother Albatross. "When you spoke of his bright eyes and handsome plumage I thought of you; and how should I feel if you were to die? I wish he had gone in the boats."

"I doubt if he would have fared better," said the father bird. "The second boat must have been swamped in the sinking of the ship; and it is far from probable that the other will get to land."

"Nevertheless, I hope you will fly in that direction tomorrow," she said, "and bring me word whether there are any traces of the catastrophe."

II

The following morning Father Albatross set forth as he was desired. The ship had foundered[1] quite near to the other side of the island, and, including a little excursion to see if the first boat were still above water, he expected to be back very shortly.

He returned even sooner than the Mother Albatross had hoped, and descended to the side of their nest with as much agitation as his majestic form was capable of displaying.

"Wonders will never cease!" he exclaimed. "What do you think are on the island?"

"I couldn't guess if I were to try from now till next hatching season," said his mate; "and I beg you will not keep me in suspense. I am not equal to the slightest trial of the nerves. It is quite enough to be a mother."

"The captain and one or two more men are here," said the Albatross. "What do you think of that? You will be able to see him for yourself, and to show the youngster

[1] **Foundered**, sunk, been wrecked.

what men are like, into the bargain.(f) It's very strange how they have escaped; and that lazy, self-sufficient dog is with them."

"I cannot possibly leave our young one at present," said the Mother Albatross, "and he certainly cannot get so far. It will be very provoking if the men leave the island before I can see them."

"There is not much fear of that," her mate answered. "A lucky wave has brought them to shore, but it will take a good many lucky waves to bring a ship to carry them home."

Father Albatross was right; but his mate saw the strangers sooner than she expected. Her nest, though built on the ground, was on the highest point of the island, and to this the shipwrecked men soon made their way; and there the Mother Albatross had ample chance of seeing the bright eyes of the captain as they scanned the horizon line with keen anxiety. Presently they fell upon the bird herself.

"What splendid creatures they are!" he said to his companion; "and so grandly fearless. I was never on one of these

islands where they breed before. What a pity it is that they cannot understand one! That fellow there, who is just stretching his noble wings, might take a message and bring us help."

"He is a fine creature," said the Mother Albatross, peeping at the captain from her nest; "that is, he would be if he had wings, and could speak properly, instead of making that unmusical jabbering like a monkey."

"I would give a good deal to one of them for a report of the first boat," the captain went on. "Heaven knows I would be content to die here if I could know that it was safe. But I'm afraid — I'm afraid; oh! dear!"

And the captain paced up and down, the other consoling him.

"He doesn't seem as tame as one might expect," said the Mother Albatross, "he's so restless. But possibly he is hungry."

Truly it was a great amusement for the mother bird to watch the strangers from her nest, and to question her mate on their peculiarities.

"What is he doing now?" she asked on one occasion, when the captain was reading a paper which he had taken from the notebook in his pocket.

"That is a letter," said the Father Albatross. "And from the look of it I gather that, like ourselves, he has got a young one somewhere, wherever his nest may be."

"How do you gather that?" his mate inquired.

"Because the writing is so large," answered the Father Albatross. "It is one of the peculiarities of these creatures that the smaller they are the larger they write.[g] That letter is from a young one; probably his own."

"Very remarkable indeed," said the Mother Albatross. "And what is he doing now?"

"Now he is writing himself," said her mate; "and if you observe you will see my statement confirmed. See how much smaller he writes!"

The captain had indeed torn a sheet from his notebook, and was busy scribbling upon his knees. Whether the sight of papers

was a familiar memory with Carlo, or whether he was merely moved by one of those doggish impulses we so little understand, it is impossible to say; but when the captain began to write, Carlo began to wag his tail, and he wagged it without pause or weariness till the captain had finished, keeping his nearest eye half open, and fixed upon the paper and the captain's moving hand. Once he sat up on his haunches and put his nose on the letter.

"That is right, old fellow, kiss it," said the captain. "I am just telling her about you. Heaven grant she may ever read it, poor child!"

At this Carlo became so frantic, and so persistent in pushing his nose on to the paper, that the captain was fain to pocket his writing materials, and have a game at play with the "ship's dog," in which the latter condescendingly joined for a few minutes, and then lay down as before, shutting his eyes with an air which seemed to imply:

"I see, poor fellow, you don't understand me."

III

The hardships endured by this small remnant of the ship's company were not very great. They managed to live. The weather was fine, and they did not at first trouble themselves about any permanent shelter. Perhaps, too, in spite of their seaman's knowledge of the position they were in, some dim hope of a ship out of her course, as they had been, picking them off, buoyed them up with the fancy that "it was not worth while."

But no ship appeared; and they built themselves a hut near the albatross's nest, and began to talk of other seasons, and provision for the future. They kept a look-out by turns through the daylight, and by night when the moon and stars made the distance visible. Every morning the sun rising above the sea met the captain's keen eyes scanning the horizon, and every evening that closed a day's fruitless watch, the sun going down saw the captain's brown hands clasped together as he said, "God's will be done!"

So days became weeks, and weeks ripened into months, and Carlo became used to his new home, and happy in it, and kept watch over his master, and took his ease as usual.

But the men's appearance changed, and their clothes began to look shabby. In the first place they were wearing out, and secondly they seemed, as we say, to be "getting too large" for them, and to hang loosely and untidily upon their gaunt frames. The captain's eyes looked larger and sadder, and his voice grew hollow at sunset, and threads of white began to show among his dark curls, and increased in number day by day.

"His plumage will be as white as your own very soon," said the Mother Albatross. "I suppose it's the climate that does it."

"He is getting older," said her mate: "men, like ourselves, get white as they get old."

"But he has been here so short a time," said Mother Albatross.

"He is so much the older, however," said the father bird, and his mate said no more.

"Are the men going to change their feathers, do you think?" the Mother Alba-

tross inquired of her mate. "They have a most wretched appearance. Only the dog looks likes himself." (The first excitement of pity and curiosity had subsided,[1] and the good couple were now naturally inclined to be critical.)

"I detest that dog," said Father Albatross. "His idleness and arrogance[2] make me quite sick. I think I want exercise, too, and I mean to have a good flight today;" and, spreading his broad wings, the bird sailed away.

His excursion did not quite dispel his irritability. When he returned, he settled down by the captain, who was sitting listlessly, as usual, with Carlo at his feet.

"If you would only exert yourself," began Father Albatross, "something might come of it. You are getting as bad as the dog. Spread out those arms of yours, and see what you can do with them! If you could only fly a matter of a few miles, you would see a sail — and that's more than we had any reason to expect."

[1] **Subsided,** settled down, ceased.
[2] **Arrogance,** self-satisfied pride.

"What can be the matter with the birds today?" said the captain, who was in rather an irritable mood himself. "They are silent enough generally" — for the voice of the albatross is rarely heard at sea.

"Move your arms, I tell you!" croaked the albatross. "Up and down — so! — and follow me."

"I shall have the dog going at them next," muttered the captain. "Come along, Carlo." And turning his back on Father Albatross, he moved away.

"He doesn't understand you," said the Mother Albatross, who endeavored, as is proper, to soothe her mate's irritability, and make peace. "Couldn't you take a message to the ship yourself? It is nothing to your magnificent wings, and it is not his fault, poor creature, that he is not formed like you."

"You speak very sensibly, my dear," said Father Albatross; and once more he took flight over the sea.

But he returned in even worse mood than before.

"Nothing can equal the stupidity of hu-

man beings," [h] he observed. "I addressed myself to the captain. 'There's an island with shipwrecked men on it a few miles to the northeast,' said I. 'We shall see land in about ten days, ma'am,' says the captain to a lady on deck. 'There's as big a fool as yourself wrecked on an island northeast by north,' I cried. 'If you had the skill of a sparrow you could see it with your own eyes in five minutes.'

"'It's very remarkable,' said the captain; 'I never heard one of those albatross make a sound before.'

"'And never will again,' said I; 'it's a waste of time to talk to you. It won't take long to put you and yours under water like the rest.' And away I came."

"I don't understand the cry of human beings myself," said his mate, "and I'm rather glad I do not; it would only irritate me. Perhaps he did not understand you."

"They are all stupid alike," said the father bird; "but I have done my best, and shall not disturb myself any more."

The captain watched till sunset, and

K Jordan

folded his hands, and bent his head as usual, and at last lay down to sleep. He dreamt of home, of a home that had been his long since, — of a young wife.

He dreamt that his wife was by him, and that she put her arms round his neck to awaken him.

Then he felt her warm face come near to his, and she kissed his cheeks, and he heard her say, "Wake up, my darling, I have something to show you." Again she repeated, "Awake! Awake! Look! Look!" And then he opened his eyes.

He was lying at the lookout, and Carlo was licking his face. It was a dream, and yet the voice was strong and clear in his ears, "Awake! Awake! Look! Look!"

A heavier hand than his wife's was on his shoulder, and Barker's rough voice, hoarser than usual, repeated the words of his dream.

The captain's eyes followed the outstretched fingers to the horizon; and then his own voice grew hoarse, as he exclaimed, "It is a sail!"

Mrs. J. H. Ewing.

Questions for Study

(*a*) Does starting the story in this way, as if Father Albatross were a man, rouse your interest in it?

(*b*) Is this natural? Do people like to see horrible sights?

(*c*) Is this remark natural? Is the author trying to show how birds feel, or how human beings would feel under like conditions?

(*d*) Note the pathos of this and the sympathy of the albatross.

(*e*) Do you see the satire in this?

(*f*) Do we have such curiosity? What proves it?

(*g*) Is this true?

(*h*) Is this irritation of the albatross over what he deemed the man's stupidity natural? Does it suggest human nature?

What do you consider the best part of this story? Why?

Which interests you the more in this story, the men or the animals?

Note how the author has given the animals the *human* point of view. They could judge of the motives of the men only from what they would do themselves under the same circumstances. Is the same true of ourselves? Name the various human qualities assigned to the albatross in the story.

Find out what you can of the habits of the albatross. Narrate the main incidents of the story.

Mrs. J. H. Ewing, 1841–1885, who wrote this story, was an English authoress who wrote many stories. You may be familiar with some of them, as *Jackanapes* or *Just as Well*. The story given here is taken from a book called *Mrs. Over the Way*.

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless[1] in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

[1] **Dauntless**, fearless.

The bride had consented, the gallant
came late;
For a laggard[1] in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
on his sword
(For the poor, craven[2] bridegroom said
never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye
in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit
you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway,[3] but ebbs
like its tide,—

[1] **Laggard**, one who "hangs back," slow. [2] **Craven**, coward.
[3] **Solway**, a firth, or inlet, on the Scottish coast, famous for its tides.

And now I am come, with this lost love
of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup
of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight
took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down
the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she
looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar;
"Now tread we a measure," said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,
That never a hall such a galliard[1] did
grace;

[1] **Galliard,** a lively dance.

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;[1]
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;[2]
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;

[1] **Bonnet and plume**, the hat worn by Scotchmen.
[2] **Scaur**, cliff.

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

How many unaccented syllables are there in a line of this poem to one accented?

Does this give the poem a swift or a slow movement?

Can you feel, as you read it aloud, any sound suggesting that of a galloping horse?

If you can get it, read Browning's *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, and compare it with this. Which makes you think the more of a galloping horse?

Why did not the bridegroom or the bride's father stop Lochinvar?

Why did Lochinvar say, "There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far," etc.?

What did he mean by, "Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide"?

How would Lochinvar thrive today?

What other poems by Sir Walter Scott have you read?

Would this story have been as good if written in prose? Why?

Find out all you can about Sir Walter Scott and write a story of his life.

Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832, who wrote *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* from which this selection is taken, is Scotland's favorite author. He wrote many poems, including the *Lady of the Lake*, and many novels, including *Ivanhoe*.

KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic[1] seal, reigned supreme over genii[2] as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient[3] to his will.

Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance,[4] of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and

[1] **Cabalistic**, magical. [2] **Genii**, spirits having great powers.
[3] **Subservient**, obedient. [4] **Conveyance**, carriage.

baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired.

Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past.

"O vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face."

But the vultures answered, and said: "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our

flight, neither will we fly above thy throne to protect thee from the sun, although its rays may be scorching thy neck and face."

Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures! and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the coldness of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas ye have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal [1]; and your race shall be impure until the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes [2] flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be

[1] **Offal**, waste, garbage.

[2] **Hoopoe**, a small bird having a beautiful crest.

protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings."

Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the King, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused

with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and, making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his councilors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward."

And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for long tails; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together.

Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said unto him, "My

dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed: and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads.

Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?"

And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads."

So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help."

So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceed-

ing proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops[1] her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire herself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was.

So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof.

[1] **Merops,** birds somewhat similar to the hoopoes.

So the fowler[1] caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweler, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweler told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; birdlime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.[2]

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented[3] places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of

[1] **Fowler,** bird catcher. [2] **Destiny,** fate.
[3] **Unfrequented,** lonely.

King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth."

Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.

ROBERT CURZON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What do you call a story like this, in which animals talk? Do the animals tell how animals

feel, or how people think and feel? What other stories of this kind have you read in this book?

How did the vultures behave? Why should the vulture have been chosen as the "villain" of the story? What sort of bird is a vulture?

When did the hoopoes make their first mistake? What led them to it? Was it a natural blunder? Was the punishment natural also?

Write what you think the meaning of this story.

Robert Curzon wrote this story. He was an Englishman who lived much in Eastern countries and wrote out their ancient tales.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.[1]

[1] **Bell**, buoy bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok[1]
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's[2] swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round.
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover[3] walked his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

[1] **Aberbrothok** (ab′-er-broth-ok′).
[2] **Surge**, wave. [3] **Rover**, pirate.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;

And now, grown rich with plundered
store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind it hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land,
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers
roar?
For methinks we should be near the
shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift
along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
shock, —
"O God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This poem is a ballad, that is, a tale in verse, which could be set to music and sung.

Do you know any tune that would go with these verses?

What was Sir Ralph's motive in cutting off the bell? Was he suitably punished? Should such a tale end with just rewards for deeds done? Why? Would you have liked it as well if Sir Ralph had prospered and the ships of good men had sunk? Would it have made as good a poem?

Did you ever hear the phrase "poetic justice"? Do you see what it means?

What other poem have we had in this book by Robert Southey? Which do you like the better?

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

There once was a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of the God who made the lovely world.[a]

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry.[b] For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest white specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used [c] to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his (d) tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people hither: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come, and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that

he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-

united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back

was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What does the author mean by the *star?*

(*a*) Do all children wonder at many things? Do you? At what do you wonder most?

(*b*) To these children all nature seemed alive; does it to you? Did it to people in ancient times? Why do you think so? Read this paragraph again and try to see how beautiful it is.

(*c*) Have you any favorite star? Does it seem especially friendly?

(*d*) What does this sentence mean? Observe that after each time when the heavens were opened we have "And the star was shining." Why is that repeated?

Do you see the meaning of the story? It is called a prose poem. Is there anything in it that makes you think of poetry? Do you like the story?

Find out all you can about beliefs in the influence of stars upon our lives. Who were astrologers? Is this story based upon such beliefs, or is it merely a fancy sketch?

Charles Dickens, 1812–1870, the author of this story, is regarded as one of England's greatest novelists. You may have read his *Pickwick Papers.*

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

In the following poem Longfellow used the building of a ship to typify much of human life. Try to see each comparison as you read.

I

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart[1] in miniature[2];
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,

[1] **Counterpart,** copy. [2] **Miniature,** very small size.

And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the *Great Harry*, crank[1] and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"
It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile[2] to the helm,

[1] **Crank**, strong. [2] **Docile**, easily controlled.

And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.
In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred[1] and crooked cedar knees[2];
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!
The sun was rising o'er the sea,

[1] **Knarred,** knotted. [2] **Knees,** bent pieces of wood.

And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,[1]
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.

II

Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again; —
The fiery youth who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,

[1] **Argosy**, a large ship.

When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word!
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,

He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair.
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air,
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach.
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,

That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,[1]
And ships that never came back again;
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,

[1] **Main**, sea.

That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,[1]
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf;
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

[1] **Lascar,** a native soldier or sailor of the Orient.

III

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternsonknee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With ropes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mold,
Not like Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modeled from the master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night

'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal
light,
Speeding along through the rain and
the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon the mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,

And naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Oh! when the wandered, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

IV

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.

Today the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.
On the deck another bride

Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for his wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,

All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,

We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

V

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,

"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust!
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Questions for Study

This poem is chiefly a series of pictures. The first represents the master receiving his orders to build a ship. Who are the characters in this scene? Describe the scene as a whole.

Name in order the other pictures of the poem.

Are any new characters introduced?

Line 1. Who is speaking?

The verse and the rime agree with the thought and change with it; for example, in the passage beginning with line 259. Read these lines aloud. Notice that the first six lines are cheerful, natural description. With line 265 there is a change. The first word "slowly" indicates it. What movement is suitable in speaking of the "Great Sun"? Then beginning with line 267, we have the wave-like motion of the ocean that "paces restless to and fro, up and down the sands of gold." Try to bring this out in reading.

Read aloud the passage, lines 368–391. What changes do you notice in the meter here?

Find other places in the poem where the rhythm agrees with the thought. Memorize lines 318–340. What comparisons, or "figures of speech," do you find in this passage?

Find as many other "figures of speech" as you can in the poem. Which of them do you think the most beautiful? Memorize lines 383–399.

What is the "ship of state"? Who were the

masters that "laid thy keel"? What is the meaning of "In what a forge and what a heat were shaped the anchors of thy hope"?

Explain the meaning of:

"Build me straight," line 1.

"That shall laugh at all disaster," line 3.

"Those captive kings," line 239.

"The bridal day of beauty and of strength," lines 260, 261.

"He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart," lines 309–310.

"Resistless undertow," line 314.

"Floats and swings the horizon's bound," line 321.

"Ah! it is not the sea," etc., lines 326–340.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807–1882, America's most popular poet, is the author of *The Building of the Ship*. He lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, among a group of great writers some of whom you know about, as, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Whittier.

Can you name any other poems that he wrote?

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

CHAPTER I

In the early part of the eighteenth century, there lived a German army officer, who was famous among his fellow officers, and, indeed, among all German speaking people, for his extravagant fancies, and the wild and improbable stories that he told.

Some friend wrote out many of these stories, or perhaps others like them, and giving them a name somewhat similar to that of this German officer, published them as *Tales of Baron Munchausen.* They have been translated into many languages, and the name *Munchausen* in the literature of the world has come to stand for extravagant, exaggerated tales. Hence all should know some of these stories.

Some years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between the two, I expressed, in repeated conversations, a strong desire to see the world. From this course I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveler himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said that I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the Island of Ceylon,[1] where his uncle had resided as governor for many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam[2] with dis-

[1] **Ceylon**, an island in the Indian Ocean.

[2] **Amsterdam**, the capital of Holland.

patches from their High Mightinesses[1] the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided, they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees). The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position. It fell on the chief man of the island, and

[1] **High Mightinesses**, titles of high officials of Holland.

killed him on the spot. He had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling on him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation. The chief was a man of a very avaricious[1] and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.[2]

The very goods which he had just taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining with poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their governors as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

[1] **Avaricious,** greedy. [2] **Impositions,** taxes.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there for some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma?[1] I had not a moment for reflection; my piece[2]

[1] **Dilemma**, puzzling situation.

[2] **Piece**, fowling piece, gun.

was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me. However, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly without waiting till he was within reach, and the report but enraged him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me at full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress, for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures.

In short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily[1] to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can

[1] **Involuntarily,** without intention.

describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment.

After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual

noise, different from any sound that ever before assailed my ears. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look around, when, to my unspeakable joy,

I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open. The head of the one stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my cutlass, which was by my side. With this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet. I then, with the butt end of my fowling piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither swallow nor eject[1] it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending[2] I had lost my way, or met with an accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraor-

[1] **Eject,** cast out. [2] **Apprehending,** fearing.

dinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters,[1] who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.[2]

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner; and makes a capital article in their public museum in Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant.

CHAPTER II

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Cour-

[1] **Burgomasters,** chief officers of a Dutch city.
[2] **Ducat,** a coin worth about two dollars.

land, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness. I pitied the poor soul; though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens blessing me for that piece of charity, saying,

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow,

where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes until full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple.

Matters were now very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to be the weathercock of the steeple.

Without more consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. (Here the baron seems to have forgotten his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.)

He carried me well. Advancing into the interior parts of Russia, I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly for St. Petersburg.

I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Judgemenland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after.

The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and, falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind part off the poor animal, which ran faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's

body; but it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip.

This unexpected attack in the rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, and in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually. We both arrived in full terror safe at St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences, and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country.

I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favorites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves, and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly

exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman better than all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits or dancing masters.

I joined the army and had many a gallant fight in which I won great glory and renown. Success was not always with me. In a battle with the Turks I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers; to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. (The Baron was afterwards in great favor with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter.) In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome.[1] It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive

[1] **Irksome**, disagreeable.

weapon[1] in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? How fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quickly, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one, immediately it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns.(a) I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver. At last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning.

But alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of the chopped straw, as long and

[1] **Offensive weapon,** a weapon to attack with.

as strong as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with my left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower.[b] This repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms[c] deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but I knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since the sun seems to be frostbitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road

greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled by post,[1] and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion[2] give a signal with his horn, that the other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way; there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage: I then went back to the horses, and placed one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end

[1] **By post,** with post or hired horses.

[2] **Postilion,** the rider on the leading horse.

of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge he expressed great dislike to that kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a tereng! tereng! teng! teng! We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow, without putting his mouth to the horn, entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes — The King of Prussia's March, Over the Hill and Over the Dale, with many other favorite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

Questions for Study

(*a*) Page 132. — What does the Baron mean by the moon's horns?

(*b*) Page 133. — What is the point of this story?

(*c*) Page 133. — How many feet would this be?

Which of the Baron's adventures is the most startling?

Is any one of them possible of belief?

Can you see any possible motive in these extravagant tales other than to amuse and entertain? Could they be a satire upon or a rebuke to any class of people?

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric[1] of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,

[1] **Baldric**, belt; **Milky Baldric**, the "**Milky Way.**"

She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers[1] of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,

[1] **Harbingers**, forerunners, prophets.

Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin[1] dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What does the author tell in the first stanza?

Who is here represented as having made the flag? How did she do it? Where did she get the colors?

Line 13. "Majestic monarch of the cloud" means the American Eagle; why is he so called? By what other name is he called?

What is the meaning of lines 19–25?

What is the flag described as doing in the third stanza? In the fifth?

The poet uses many "figures of speech" in this poem. For example, he speaks of Freedom as if it were a person. He says "She tore the azure robe

[1] **Welkin**, the sky.

of night," by which he means that she tore open the blue sky, to place the stars. Where are the stars placed in the flag? Do you see then what the poet imagined?

Tell what the figures of speech mean in the following lines: 5 and 6; 7 and 8.

"lightning lances," line 16.

"thunder drum," line 18.

"meteor glances," line 40.

Find as many other figures as you can in the poem and tell what they mean.

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820, was one of the early poets of this country, a friend of Irving and of Halleck, whose poem, *Marco Bozzaris*, you have read in this book.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia,[1] he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor[2] rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found

[1] **Insignia**, especial marks or signs.

[2] **Tricolor**, three colored, the name of the flag of France, which is red, white, and blue.

Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the wind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and whenever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes,[a] for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoice in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.[b] As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as

the sun advances, the light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent,[1] so on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry[2] no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beam of light from this starry banner.(c)

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Val-

[1] **Effulgent**, shining, bright.

[2] **Emblazonry**, decorations.

ley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton[1]; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency[2] of the nation. And when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.[(d)]

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas[(e)] and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous[3]

[1] In reality, the flag was not adopted until some days after the crossing of the Delaware. Mr. Beecher's error is a common one.

[2] **Despondency,** low spirits, discouragement.

[3] **Luminous,** bright, giving light.

symbol of resistless and beneficent[1] power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. In this consists our hope, and without it there can be no future for our nation.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

In this we have a prose poem about the flag.

What does the author say a flag stands for?

Can you describe the flags named in the second paragraph?

What does the first sentence of the third paragraph mean? (*a*) page 141.

The first sentence of the fourth paragraph? (*b*) page 141.

To what events do the next two paragraphs refer? (*c*) page 142 and (*d*) page 143.

What are the halls of Montezuma? (*e*) page 143.

Which appeals to you more strongly, Drake's poem or Beecher's speech on the flag?

Henry Ward Beecher, 1813–1887, was a popular preacher in Brooklyn, New York. He was also a great orator on other than religious subjects.

[1] **Beneficent**, blessing, doing good.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

April the 19th, 1775, was the fatal[1] day marked out by mysterious Heaven for tearing away the stout infant colonies from the old mother country. Early that morning General Gage sent a detachment of about one thousand men from Boston to destroy some military stores which the Americans had accumulated in the town of Concord near Lexington. On coming to the place they found the town militia assembled on the green, near the road.

"Throw down your arms and disperse, you rebels!" was the cry of the British officer (Pitcairn), which was immediately followed by a general discharge from the soldiers, whereby eight of the Americans were killed, and several wounded. The provincials[2] retired; but, finding that the British still continued their fire, they returned it with good interest, and soon strewed the green with the dead and wounded. Such fierce discharges of musketry produced

[1] **Fatal day,** day established by fate.
[2] **Provincials,** Americans.

the effect that might have been expected in a land of freemen, who saw their gallant brothers suddenly engaged in the strife of death. Never before had the bosoms of the swains experienced such a tumult of heroic passions. Then, throwing aside the implements of husbandry,[1] and leaving their teams in the half finished furrows, they flew to their houses, snatched up their arms, and bursting forth from their wild, shrieking wives and children, hastened to the glorious field where Liberty, heaven-born goddess, was to be bought with blood. Pouring in now from every quarter were seen crowds of sturdy peasants, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, eager for battle. Even age forgot its wonted infirmities, and hands long palsied with years threw aside the cushioned crutch and grasped the deadly firelock. Fast as they came up, their ready muskets began to pour forth the long red streams of fiery vengeance.

The enemy fell back appalled. The shouting farmers, swift-closing on their rear, followed their steps with death, while the

[1] **Implements of husbandry**, farming tools.

British, as fast as they could load, wheeling on their pursuers, returned the deadly fire. But their flight was not in safety! Every step of their retreat was stained with blood; every hedge or fence by which they passed concealed a deadly foe.

They would, in all probability, have been cut off to a man, had not General Gage luckily recollected that, born of Britons, these Yankees might possess some of the family valor, and therefore sent one thousand men to support the detachment. This reënforcement met the poor fellows, faint with fear and fatigue, and brought them safely into Boston.

MASON L. WEEMS.

Gather the facts and write the story of the Battle of Lexington.

Explain: "heaven-born goddess," page 146; "age forgot its wonted infirmities," page 146.

Mason L. Weems, the author of this sketch, was an itinerant minister who lived in the days of Washington, and who wrote a Life of our first President containing many tales which have become widely known. The most famous of these is the *Story of the Cherry Tree and the Hatchet.*

CONCORD HYMN

This hymn was sung by the assembled company at the dedication of "Battle Monument," a monument erected at Concord, Massachusetts, on April 19, 1836, on the field of the famous Revolutionary battle.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive [1] stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[1] **Votive**, consecrated.

Explain:

"the shot heard round the world," line 4.

"seaward creeps," line 8.

"That memory may their deed redeem," line 11.

Memorize this poem.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803–1882, who wrote this poem, wrote essays and poems. He was a friend of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, and other famous writers who lived in Boston or near it.

ETHAN ALLEN AND TICONDEROGA

CHAPTER I

The boats were now instantly headed round, the oars muffled, careful oarsmen selected and placed in their seats; when, after each boat had been filled with as many troops as their respective burthens would safely permit, they pushed off from the shore, preceded a short hailing distance by a skiff, occupied by Allen and Arnold, with Phelps to pilot them to their contemplated landing on the opposite shore. The wind had some time since died wholly away, and

the elements were now all hushed, as if in the slumbers of death; while the deeply freighted crafts glided slowly on, impelled by the light dip of the feathery oars, which in the hands of the experienced and careful men who plied them, unitedly rose and fell as noiseless as the feet of fairies on beds of flowers.

At length the dark, massy walls of the fortress, looming up, and marking their broad outlines against the western sky, became discernible to the men. And yet, as they drew near these frowning walls, pierced by a hundred cannon, over which, for aught they knew, the lighted matches were suspended, awaiting but the signal to send their iron showers of death to every man of their devoted band, no misgivings, no weak relentings came over them; but at a moment like this, and that which followed at the onset, — moments furnishing, perhaps, a more undoubted test of courage than those of the half frantic, half mechanical charges of the disciplined legions of Napoleon[1] at the later fields of Austerlitz

[1] **Napoleon Bonaparte**, Emperor of the French.

and Marengo,[1] — at a moment like this, we say, their stout hearts, nothing daunted at the dangers before them, beat high and proudly at the thought of the coming encounter, and with stern determination gleaming in every eye, and with the low whispered words of impatience for the moment of action to arrive, they moved steadily on to their daring purpose.

Passing down obliquely by the works, they landed some distance to the north of them. The instant they touched the shore the troops leaped on the banks; and scarcely had the last foot been lifted from the boats before they were backed, wheeled, and on their return for another load, leaving those on shore to await in silence the arrival of a reënforcement from their companions left behind, before marching to the onset. Those companions, however, were not destined to share in the glory of this splendid achievement of the eighty Green Mountain Boys[2] who had landed; for in a

[1] **Austerlitz and Marengo,** the scenes of two of Napoleon's famous battles.

[2] **Green Mountain Boys,** a favorite name for the sons of Vermont.

few moments, to the dismay of Allen, the faint suffusions[1] of dawning day became visible in the east.

Cursing the luck which had caused such delays, and chafing like a chained lion held back from his prey, that impetuous leader for a few moments rapidly paced the shore before his men, in an agony of impatience, now casting an eager look at the fort, still silent and undisturbed, now straining his vision after the receding boats, which, to him, seemed to move like snails across the waters, and now throwing an uneasy glance at the reddening east, whose twilight glow, growing broader and brighter every instant, plainly told him that before another detachment of troops could arrive, his forces would be discovered, and the enterprise, in all probability, would thus be defeated.

Maddened at the thought, he stopped short in his walk, paused an instant, and brought his foot with a significant stamp to the ground, showing that his resolution was taken. And quickly calling out Jones and Neshobee, he dispatched them to go forward,

[1] **Suffusions,** spreading of color.

cautiously reconnoiter[1] the fort on all sides, and return as speedily as possible to report their discoveries. He then formed his men in three ranks and addressed them.

"You see, my friends and fellow soldiers," he commenced, pointing his sword toward the east, "that daylight will reveal us to the enemy before a reënforcement can possibly arrive. But can you, who have so long been the scourge of tyrants, bring your minds to relinquish this noble enterprise, and with it the proud name you have achieved, by turning your backs on the glorious prize, when it is now almost within your grasp?"

He paused for a reply; when "No! no! no!" ran through the lines in eager responses.

"I see, I see, my brave fellows," resumed the gratified leader; "I see what you would do. I read it in your deeply breathed tones of determination, in your quick and short drawn respirations, and in your restless and impatient movements. But have you all well considered? I now propose

[1] **Reconnoiter**, to look about.

to lead you through yonder gate; and I fear not to tell men of your stamp that we incur no small hazard of life in the attempt. And, as I would urge no man to engage against his own free will, I now give free and full permission to all, who choose, to remain behind. You, therefore, who will voluntarily accompany me, poise your guns."

Every man's gun was instantly brought to a poise, with motion which told with what good will it was made.

"God bless you, my noble fellows!" exclaimed Allen, proudly, and with emotion.

"Courage like that —" he continued, in tones of concentrated energy, "courage like that, with hearts of oak and nerves of steel like yours, must, will, and, by the help of the God of hosts, shall triumph! Come on, then! follow me, march while I march, run and rush when I set the example; and if I fall, still rush on, and over me, to vengeance and victory! To the right wheel! march!"

When the band arrived within about a furlong of the ramparts, they were met by the scouts, who reported that all was quiet in and about the fort, while the open gate was guarded only by one sluggish and sleepy-looking sentinel. Halting no longer than was necessary to hear this report, Allen, placing himself at the head of the center column, silently waved his sword to the troops as a signal for resuming the march; when they all again moved forward with rapid but cautious steps toward the guarded gateway. And so noiseless and unexpected was their approach, that they came within twenty paces of the entrance before they were discovered by the drowsy sentry, who was slowly pacing to and fro, with shouldered musket, before it.

Turning round with a start, the aroused soldier glared an instant at the advancing array, in mute astonishment and alarm; when he hastily cocked and leveled his piece at Allen, who was striding toward him, several yards in advance of his men. It was

an instant on which hung the fate of the hero of the Green Mountains, and probably also the destinies of Ticonderoga. But the gun missed fire. The life of the daring leader was safe, and the garrison slept on, unalarmed, and unconscious of their danger.

Leaping forward like the bounding tiger on his victim, Allen followed up the retreating soldier so hotly that, with all the speed which fear could lend him, he could scarcely keep clear of the rapidly whirling sword of his fiery pursuer till he gained the interior of the fortress, when he gave a loud screech of alarm, and, making a desperate leap for a bombproof, disappeared within its recesses.

Meanwhile, the rushing column of troops came sweeping like a whirlwind through the gate; when fairly gaining the parade ground in front of the barracks, they gave three cheers which made the old walls tremble with the deafening reverberations, and caused the slumbering garrison to start from their beds in wild dismay at the unwonted sound.

Scarcely had the last huzza escaped the lips of the men and their leader, who

disdained not to mingle his own stentorian [1] voice in the peals of exultation and defiance which rose in thunders to heaven, before the latter was rapidly threading his way through flying sentries and half dressed officers, towards the quarters of the commandant of the fortress. Pausing an instant on his way to chastise a dastard sentinel whom he caught making a pass at one of our officers with his bayonet, and whom, with one blow with the flat of his sword, he sent reeling to the earth with the cry of mercy on his lips, the daring leader bounded up the stairway leading to the commandant's room, and thundering at the door, called loudly to that officer to come forth.

Captain La Place, who had just leaped from his bed, on hearing the tumult below, soon made his appearance with his clothes in his hand, but suddenly recoiling a step, he stood gazing in mute amazement at the stern and threatening air and the powerful and commanding figure of the man before him.

[1] Stentorian, very loud.

"I come, sir, to demand the immediate surrender of this fortress!" sternly said Allen to the astonished commander.

"By what authority do you make this bold demand of His Majesty's fort, sir?" said the other, almost distrusting his senses.

"By what authority?" thundered Allen; "I demand it, sir, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

"The Continental Congress?" stammered the hesitating officer; "I know of no right — I don't acknowledge it, sir — "

"But you soon will acknowledge it, sir!" fiercely interrupted the impatient leader. "And hesitate to obey me one instant longer, and by the eternal heavens! I will sacrifice every man in your fort! — beginning the work, sir," he added, whirling his sword furiously over the head of the other, and bringing the murderous blade at every glittering circle it made in the air nearer and nearer the head of its threatened victim, — "beginning the work, sir, by sending your own head dancing across the floor!"

"I yield, I yield!" cried the shrinking commandant.

"Down! down, then, instantly!" exclaimed Allen, "and communicate the surrender to your men while any of them are left alive to hear it!"

Scarcely allowing the crestfallen officer time to encase his legs in his breeches, Allen hurried him down to the scene of action in the open parade below. Here they found the Green Mountain Boys eagerly engaged in the work of capturing the garrison, who were making considerable show of resistance. Two of the barrack doors had been beaten down, and about a third of the enemy already made prisoners. And the fiery Arnold[1] was on the point of blowing a third door from its hinges with a swivel, which he had caused to be drawn up for the purpose, while a fourth was shaking and tottering under the tremendous blows of an ax, wielded by the long and powerful arms of Pete Jones, who was found among the foremost in the contest.

"Cease, cease ye all!" cried Allen, in the loud voice of command, as he appeared among them with La Place by his side.

[1] **Benedict Arnold**, afterward the traitor, but at this time a gallant officer of the Continental Army.

"Now really, Colonel," said Jones, suspending his elevated implement, and holding it back over his head in readiness for another blow, "I wish you would let me settle with this devilish old oak door before I stop. Why, I never was so bothered with such a small potato in my life!"

"No, no!" answered the other, smiling; "let us have silence a moment, and we will save you all troubles of that kind."

"Well, then, here goes for a parting blessing!" exclaimed the woodsman, bringing down his ax with a tremendous blow, which brought the shattered door tumbling to the ground.

The British commandant then calling his officers around him, informed them that he had surrendered the fortress, and ordered them to parade the men without arms. While this was in performance, a second detachment of Green Mountain Boys reached the shore, and having eagerly hastened on to the fort to join their companions, now, with Warrington at their head, came pouring into the arena. A single glance sufficed to tell the latter that he was too late to participate in

aught but the fruits of the victory. With a disappointed and mortified air he halted his men, and approached to the side of his leader.

"Ah! Colonel," said he, "is this the way you appropriate all the laurels to yourself, entirely forgetful of your friends?"

"Pooh! pooh! Charles," replied Allen, turning to the other with a soothing, yet self-complacent[1] smile, at the half reproachful compliment thus conveyed, "you need not mourn much lost glory in this affair. Why, the stupid devils did not give us fight enough to whet our appetites for breakfast! But never mind, Charles, there is more business yet to be done; Crown Point and Major Skene's stone castle must both be ours to-night. The taking of the first shall be yours to perform. And after breakfast and a few bumpers in honor of our victory, we will dispatch you for that purpose, with a corps of your own selection."

"Thank you, thank you, Colonel," replied the other with a grateful smile.

The brief ceremonies of the surrender were soon over; when, as the fortress was

[1] **Self-complacent**, self-satisfied.

pronounced to be in full possession of the conquerors, the heavens were again rent by the reiterated huzzas of the Green Mountain Boys, while British cannon were made to peal forth with their deep mouthed thunders to the trembling hills and reverberating mountains of the country around, the proclamation of victory!—the first triumph of Young Freedom over the arms of her haughty oppressor.

DANIEL P. THOMPSON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Find out all you can about Ethan Allen and Ticonderoga. Why was this battle so important? Is the description a good one? Can you not almost see the impatient "Green Mountain Boys"? Which passage do you think the most vivid?

Daniel P. Thompson, 1793–1868, was a Vermonter, a "Green Mountain Boy," himself. Hence he wrote with enthusiasm of "The Green Mountain Boys," of whom Ethan Allen was one.

MARION

"THE SWAMP FOX"[1]

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;

[1] **"The Swamp Fox,"** a title given to General Marion.

And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And, ere he drives away his sleep
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee[1] at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press, —
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore,[2] the smiting brand, —
And we are Marion's men, you see.

[1] **Santee**, a river of South Carolina.

[2] **Twisted bore**, a gun barrel made of twisted steel.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low —
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then — not till then — they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too — but hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day,

May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up the hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand,
When Marion's men have need of cheer;
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,

And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out tonight;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our courser's sides,
And ready for the strife are we;
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Find out all you can about General Marion and his feats of courage. Why was he called "The Swamp Fox"?

Describe the picture, lines 43–48.

Explain: "turfy hammock," line 5.
"Tory camp," line 77.

Here we have two heroes of the War of the Revolution, General Marion of South Carolina and General Allen of Vermont. Write of the one you choose.

ETHAN ALLEN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA

The day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous,[1] I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:

"Friends and fellow soldiers, you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary[2] government, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily,[3] poise your firelocks."

[1] **Hazardous,** dangerous. [2] **Arbitrary,** despotic, tyrannous.
[3] **Voluntarily,** of one's own will.

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them.

One of the sentinels made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept. He showed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the part of the garrison which led up to the second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain de la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the Captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver the fort instantly.

He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, "In the name

of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison.

Questions for Study

Which account of the battle is better, Allen's own, or Thompson's? Why? Point out the differences. Does this account give any idea of Allen's character?

Ethan Allen, 1737–1789, who wrote this sketch, was a Revolutionary hero, more famous as a fighter than as a writer. Still he wrote a dignified and modest account of his own achievement.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS SHAY"

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one
hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way?

It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus [1] was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive;
That was the year when Lisbon [2] town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's [3] army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,

[1] **Georgius Secundus**, King George Second of England.

[2] **Lisbon**, the capital of Portugal, destroyed by an earthquake in 1755.

[3] **Braddock**, the English general in the French and Indian War, badly defeated in 1755.

In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,
Above or below, within or without,
And that's the reason beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*
But the Deacon swore, — as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,"
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty, 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown.
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest." [1]

[1] This is a fairly good representation of a dialect that at one time was spoken by the uneducated in New England, and is still used on the stage.

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels, of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs, of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips;
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.

That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "Naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

Eighteen Hundred; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual, much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it — you're welcome — no extra charge.)

First of November, — the Earthquake day —
There are traces of age in the one hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,

And the spring and axle and hub
encore.[1]
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat tailed, ewe necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to fifthly and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n house clock,
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

[1] **Encore**, a French word, meaning "repeat."

F.C.

—What do you the think the parson
found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground.
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Notice how abrupt the opening is. Does this abruptness arouse your interest in what is to come?

What kind of carriage was a chaise or "shay"? Get a picture of one if you can. What do you think of the deacon's argument, that "the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain"?

Do you know the various parts of a wagon mentioned in lines 20–22, 37–55? If not, try to find out.

Do you know the kinds of wood named in lines 38–45?

Did you ever hear any one talk like the deacon?

Tell how he went about making a "shay" that would not break down. How does the author show how time passes?

What does "hahnsum kerridge" mean, line 68?

Do you know anything else that keeps its youth, line 77?

Was the condition described in lines 85–92 possible? Why?

Is there anything in this poem but just fun?

In the second line Dr. Holmes speaks of the "shay" as "built in such a logical way," and in the last line, "Logic is logic"; what does he mean by logic?

Show how the story of the shay is logical.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894, like Longfellow, lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was a friend of the latter and of the other well-known writers who lived there or thereabouts. He wrote witty essays and good novels, as well as verse. He is one of the wittiest of American writers.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS

When Decius[1] was Emperor of Rome, he hated the Christians, and persecuted them. Now he went on his travels and came to the city of Ephesus. There he had altars built, and commanded that all the people should worship the gods of the heathen. If there

[1] **Decius**, Emperor of Rome about 250 A.D.

were any Christians there, they must worship these idols openly or be put to death.

This caused great fright in the city, and there were some who feared to die, and they did worship the idols though they had called themselves by the name of Christian. But there were seven young men who refused to worship the idols, and remained in their houses praying and fasting. When Decius heard this, he bade them be brought before him; and because they were fair and good to look on, he gave them a little time in which to make up their minds whether they would worship the idols or be put to death.

So the seven got together, and, because they were willing to die for the faith, they sold all they had and gave the money to the poor of Ephesus, keeping only a few coins for themselves. Then, hoping to escape alive, they went secretly from the city to Mount Celion, not far away, where they found a cave, and there they hid themselves.

By and by they were hungry, and one of their number, Malchus by name, went back to the town to buy some bread. He went disguised, and when he reached Ephesus he

heard every one talking of the seven Christians who had fled. The Emperor Decius was furious, and was sending soldiers in every direction to hunt for them.

At that Malchus turned back, and managed to reach the cave again without being seen. He told his comrades what he had heard, and they all fell a-weeping. But he gave them the loaves he had brought, and they all ate; and then, plucking up courage, they crept into the darkest part of the cave, and, committing themselves to God, lay down and fell asleep.

Decius was very angry that the seven young men had escaped. He called their parents, but they could tell him nothing save that the seven had sold all their goods and given them to the poor, and then had disappeared. Decius sent in every direction, but the seven could not be found. Finally he gave orders that all the caves in the neighborhood should be stopped with stones; "for," said he, "if they should chance to be hiding in any one of them, there they should stay till the end of the world." So the cavern in which the seven were hid was blocked up, but the

seven sleepers within knew nothing, heard nothing, that was going on.

The Emperor Decius died, and all the people of Ephesus died, and time went on. Little by little, and sometimes by great leaps, Christianity became the religion of the empire, and three hundred and sixty years after this time Theodosius was emperor and Christianity was the established religion.

One day a shepherd, who had his hut on the side of Mount Celion, wished to make a wall about his sheepfold, and he began drawing stones from a large pile.

As he drew away one stone after another, he saw that they stopped the mouth of a cavern. At last he had drawn them all away, and the cavern was open to the light and air.

With this the seven sleepers, who had slept soundly for three hundred and sixty years, awoke. They rubbed their eyes and sat upright, and began talking over the affairs of yesterday, for they had no thought except that they had slept a night.

"What," they asked Malchus, "do you think Decius will now do?"

"He will surely hunt us down, to force us to worship the idols," said Malchus. But they all agreed that they would sooner die first. Nevertheless, as the day wore on, they were hungry enough, and Malchus, taking a few coins from their little store, said he would go again to the city to buy bread, and learn what he could of the emperor's doings.

When he left the cavern he saw a heap of stones lying beside the mouth, for the shepherd had not carried all away. He was puzzled, and called his comrades to look at them. They could not any of them remember to have seen them before. Then Malchus went on his way to the city, and when he came to one of the gates he looked up and saw a cross above the gate. He was disturbed, for he thought something must ail his eyes. He went around and came to another gate, and there also he saw a cross.

"Am I in a dream?" he asked himself; but he entered the city, and made his way to a baker's shop. The city had changed. The houses looked curiously older, and there were some he did not remember to have seen before, though he had lived in Ephesus

since he was a boy. But what amazed him most was to hear one and another say, as they passed him, "The Lord be with you," "May Jesus bless you." What! why, yesterday no one dared pronounce aloud the name of Jesus!

He entered the shop and laid a piece of money on the counter and asked for bread. The baker answered him; it was his own language, and yet it was not. The baker took up the coin and looked at it curiously. Then he looked at Malchus, and began whispering to some who stood by.

At that Malchus was sure they had discovered him, and would take him to the emperor. He begged them to let him alone. He would give them his money if only they would not take him to the emperor, and would let him go back to his friends. The baker said:

"Not so. It is clear that you have found a treasure. Show us where it is; show us where the money is hidden, that is, from which you took this piece, and we will share it with you, and then we will see that no harm comes to you."

For you must know that in old times, when there were many wars, people used to hide their gold and silver in some secret place, meaning to go and dig it up again when the war was over. But often it happened that the people who hid their treasure were killed in the war, and never came back for it.[1] So, all over the East, men were always hoping they should find these hidden treasures, which hundreds of years before had been secretly put away.

Now Malchus heard the baker's words and knew not what to say; he was amazed and he was afraid; above all he wished not to be known. So he held his peace. But the baker and those who stood by became angry, and they put a rope round his neck and dragged him out into the market place. They could not hold their tongues, and soon the news spread that the young man had found a hidden treasure.

A great crowd gathered in the market

[1] So in the Bible, Matthew xiii. 44: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field: the which when a man hath found, he hideth (that is, keeps secret from others), and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

place, and Malchus looked about to find some friend who would speak a good word for him. But though he scanned all the faces before him, he could not find a man or woman he had ever seen before, and it was all as if he were in a dreadful dream.

Word came to the ears of the governor of Ephesus that there was a great crowd in the market place, and a strange man among them; and the governor and the bishop sent to have Malchus brought before them, together with the baker and the baker's men. They heard the story that the baker told and they looked at the money. They asked Malchus where the treasure was which he had found.

"I have found no treasure," said he. "I have nothing but this coin and one or two others," which he took from his pocket.

"Where did you come from?" they asked him.

"I am a native of Ephesus," said he. "I have been away from the town but a night, and have returned today. I needed some bread, and I went to the shop of this man," pointing to the baker.

"If you are a native of Ephesus," said the governor, "tell us the names of your parents, and where they live." Then Malchus told their names and the street where they lived. The governor and the bishop looked at each other.

"There are no such people living in Ephesus," said the governor; "and, what is more, there is no street by that name. There was one once, many years ago, but it was long since destroyed to make room for the cathedral. And this money! why, it was coined in the reign of 'Emperor Decius. Now we see plainly that you are not speaking the truth. Tell us where you found the treasure, or it shall go hard with you."

Then Malchus burst forth:

"I implore you in the name of God, answer me a few questions, and then I will answer yours. Where is the Emperor Decius? Is he still in Ephesus? or has he left the city?"

"My son," said the bishop, "you speak strange words. The Emperor Decius has been dead these three hundred and fifty years or more."

"I am sore perplexed," said Malchus. "But what I say is true. There are seven of us who fled from the city yesterday to escape persecution by the emperor. We went and hid ourselves in a cave on the side of Mount Celion yonder. Come with me. I will show you the cave and my comrades, if indeed I be not still in a dream."

"The hand of God is here," said the bishop to the governor. So they followed Malchus, and a great crowd went with them. And when they came to the cavern, Malchus called joyfully to his comrades; and they came out, much amazed to see Malchus returned, and with him so great a multitude.

Now when the bishop and the governor saw the sleepers, who had thus awaked, they saw that they had fresh, ruddy faces, as those who had slept well and were in perfect health. And the bishop and the governor and all the people fell down and praised God for this great wonder. Then a messenger was sent straightway for the Emperor Theodosius. When he

came and heard the strange news, he too was greatly amazed, and Malchus said, speaking for the seven:

"You behold us here, whom men counted as dead, and behold we have risen from the dead. So shall it be with all those who fall asleep in Jesus. They shall rise again, as if they had passed the night in sleep, without suffering and without dreams."

And when he had said this the seven sleepers bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker. The emperor bent over them, weeping. And he would have had them inclosed in golden caskets, to be kept in the cathedral. But that night they appeared to him in a dream, and said that hitherto they had slept in the earth, and that in the earth they desired to sleep on, till God should again awaken them forever.

MEDIEVAL TALE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Why did the young men go into the cave? How did it happen that they were walled in?

What change had taken place in the empire? What convinced them of the change after their escape? Do you recall any more modern story of one who slept through great changes? How is this tale like *Rip Van Winkle?* How does it differ from it?

The author of this story is unknown. It was probably some monk of the middle ages.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden[1] when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,[2] rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreaded revelry.

[1] **Linden,** Hohenlinden, a village of Bavaria where a battle was fought in 1800 between the French armies of Napoleon and the native Germans.

[2] **Iser** (pronounced E′-zer), a river of Austria and Bavaria.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank[1] and fiery Hun[2]
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich![3] all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[1] and [2] **Frank and Hun**, French and Hungarian.

[3] **Munich**, chief city of Bavaria.

Questions for Study

How are the rimes arranged in this poem? Does this make the poem move slowly or swiftly? Which movement is suited to the subject?

Discuss and explain:

"the war clouds rolling dun."

"their sulphurous canopy."

"winding sheet."

Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844, an English poet, a friend of Lamb and Southey, wrote good verses, usually of a stirring sort.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Benjamin Franklin was not only a great statesman, he was also interested in the welfare of all the people. He founded in Philadelphia the first free public library in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

He was especially interested in the prosperity of farmers, and published for many years an almanac in which he not only told of the rising of the sun and moon, and of the tides, and other matters usually given in almanacs, but he himself wrote poems

and maxims of a practical sort to make people think, and to teach them wisdom.

Following are some selections from the famous *Poor Richard's Almanac:*

Maxims for January

HINTS TO THOSE THAT WOULD BE RICH

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For £6 a year you may have use of £100, if you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat[1] a day idly, spends idly above £6 a year, which is the price of using £100.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using £100 each day.

He that idly loses 5*s.* worth of time, loses 5*s.*, and might as prudently throw 5*s.* into the river.

He that loses 5*s.* not only loses that sum, but all the other advantage that might be made by turning it in dealing, which, by

[1] **Groat,** a silver coin worth fourpence.

the time a young man becomes old, amounts to a comfortable bag of money.

Again, he that sells upon credit asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is like to be kept out of it; therefore,

He that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys,
And he that pays ready money, might let that money out to use; so that
He that possesses anything he has bought, pays interest for the use of it.

Consider, then, when you are tempted to buy any unnecessary household stuff, or any superfluous thing, whether you will be willing to pay interest, and interest upon interest for it as long as you live, and more if it grows worse by using.

Yet, in buying goods, 'tis best to pay ready money, because,

He that sells upon credit expects to lose 5 per cent by bad debts; therefore he charges on all he sells upon credit an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit pay their share of this advance.

He that pays ready money, escapes, or may escape, that charge.

A penny saved is twopence clear. A pin a day is a groat a year. Save and have.

Every little makes a mickle.[1]

Maxims for February

The masterpiece of man is to live to the purpose.

He that steals the old man's supper does him no wrong.

Maxims for March

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.

He that can take rest is greater than he that can take cities.

The miser's cheese is wholesomest.

Love and Lordship hate companions.

The nearest way to come at glory is to do that for conscience which we do for glory.

[1] **Mickle**, much, large amount.

There is much money given to be laughed at, though the purchasers don't know it; witness A's fine horse, and B's fine house.

Maxims for April

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

Poor Dick eats like a well man, and drinks like a sick.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

Love, a cough, and smoke can't well be hid.

Maxims for June

A traveler should have a hog's nose, deer's legs, and an ass's back.

At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.

Maxims for July

Death takes both the weak and the strong.

The lawyer takes from both the right and wrong.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

Maxims for August

Don't misinform your doctor nor your lawyer.

I never saw an oft transplanted tree,
Nor yet an oft removèd family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

Maxims for September

Let the letter stay for the post, and not the post for the letter.

Three good meals a day is bad living.

'Tis better leave[1] for an enemy at one's death, than beg of a friend in one's life.

To whom thy secret thou dost tell,
To him thy freedom thou dost sell.

Maxims for October

If you'd have a servant that you like, serve yourself.

He that pursues two hares at once does not catch one and lets t'other go.

If you want a neat wife, choose her on a Saturday.

If you have time, don't wait for time!

[1] **Leave**, leave property.

Maxims for November

Tell a miser he's rich, and a woman she's old, you'll get no money of one, nor kindness of t'other.

Don't go to the doctor with every distemper, nor to the lawyer with every quarrel, nor to the pot for every thirst.

Maxims for December

The creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?

Nothing so popular as goodness.

Of the Fruits of the Earth

I find that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but the orange trees in Greenland will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As to oats, they'll be a great help to horses.

I dare say there won't be much more bacon than swine.

Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money.

Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age.

As for corn, fruit, cider, and turnips, there never was such plenty as will be if poor folks may have their wish.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Does the use of pounds instead of dollars in Franklin's Almanac tell you anything about the time when it was written?

What would Franklin have said of the modern "installment plan" shops? Are his objections to such methods as just now as ever they were?

Explain the maxims for February; the last for March; the first for June; the last for July; the third for September; the third for October. Is the last maxim for December true?

What do you think of the predictions under "Of the Fruits of the Earth"?

Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790, one of the wisest and most useful of men, was a man of very many activities. An ardent Revolutionary patriot, he served his country by securing and preserving the friendship of France, and in many other ways. He discovered that lightning was electricity and opened the way for the modern uses of electricity. He also wrote many wise words.

THE ENGLISH SETTLERS IN AMERICA

It is hard for us to realize how widely different in character and in breeding were the people who settled the various colonies of America.

Those of us who are descended from any of these early colonists naturally think of all the settlers as like our own ancestors. The New Englander thinks of his ancestors as Pilgrims coming to this country for religious reasons; the Southerner thinks of his as the younger sons of English aristocracy coming for profit and pleasure. To the people living between these two the original settler was the righteous man living at peace with the Indian and seeking the welfare of all.

These different characteristics have been emphasized by different writers. In the following poems and story we have the views of an English woman, of a New Englander, and of a Southern poet.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding isle of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Who were the "Pilgrim Fathers"?
From what country did they come?
Why?
Where did they land?
Explain: "stern and rock-bound coast," line 2.
Explain line 36; stanzas 4 and 5; stanza 6.
Memorize the last stanza.

Felicia Hemans (1793–1835) was an English poetess whose best-known poem is the one given here.

THE MAYPOLE OF MERRY MOUNT

The Puritan settlers of New England were very stern and severe in their religious beliefs. They believed it wrong to seek pleasure and looked upon all jolly celebrations, such as dancing about a maypole, as especially wicked.

This story tells of a company of colonists who defied the Puritans and determined to live lives given wholly to seeking for pleasure.

I

Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire.(a) Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure [1] to the forest, and roses in her lap of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of Spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months, and reveling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care she flitted

[1] **Verdure**, green growths.

with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the Maypole been so gayly decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated[1] emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equaled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic[2] knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated,[3] the shaft of the Maypole was attained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung

[1] **Venerated,** regarded with reverence.

[2] **Fantastic,** fanciful.

[3] **Terminated,** ended.

an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the Golden Age,[1] the chief of your husbandry[2] was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the Maypole? On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his forepaws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose halfway to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces

[1] **Golden Age.** Most people have believed in an age, either past or future, with all things perfect and happiness universal.

[2] **Husbandry,** farming.

wore the similitude[1] of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous[2] before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a noble figure, but still a counterfeit,[3] appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore foolscaps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome[4] spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset round their venerated Maypole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and

[1] **Similitude,** likeness.
[2] **Pendulous,** hanging.
[3] **Counterfeit,** make believe.
[4] **Gleesome,** jolly.

stolen a half affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus,[1] some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans,[2] who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masks to those devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.[3]

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revelers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gayly decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were

[1] **Comus**, a magician who changed men to beasts.

[2] **Puritans**, religious people from England who settled the greater part of New England.

[3] **Monsters**, strange creatures.

scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind the lightsome couple, so close to the Maypole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically[1] dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine leaves. By the riot[2] of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries[3] of the Maypole," cried the flower decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford,[4] and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morris[5] dancers, green men, and glee maidens, bears and wolves, and horned

[1] **Canonically,** according to the rules of the Church.

[2] **Riot,** wildness, improper conduct.

[3] **Votaries,** devoted followers.

[4] **Clerk of Oxford,** a clergyman from the University of Oxford in England.

[5] **Morris,** a rustic dance at that time common in England.

gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the Maypole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses that hung from the lowest green bough of the Maypole had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave,[1] reverend sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods

[1] **Stave**, song.

ring to such a merry peal as we of the Maypole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cithern,[1] and viol, touched with practiced minstrelsy,[2] began to play from a neighboring thicket, in such a mirthful cadence[3] that the boughs of the Maypole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady's eyes, was wonderstruck at the almost pensive[4] glance that met his own.(b)

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he, reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? O, Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind

[1] **Cithern,** a musical instrument.
[2] **Practiced minstrelsy,** musical skill.
[3] **Cadence,** tune.
[4] **Pensive,** sadly thoughtful.

too?" saith Edith, in a still lower tone than he, for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary,[1] and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose leaves from the Maypole. Alas for the young lovers! No sooner had they glowed with real passion than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment[2] of inevitable[3] change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave me the priest to marry them, and

[1] **Visionary,** unreal.
[2] **Presentiment,** fearful expectation.
[3] **Inevitable,** not to be escaped.

the maskers to sport round the Maypole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

II

Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West: some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight.

Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masks, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gayety, imagined a

wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest daydream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets, wandering players, whose theaters had been the halls of noblemen; mummers,[1] rope dancers, and mountebanks,[2] who would long be missed at wakes, church ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism.

Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the

[1] **Mummers**, maskers, clowns.

[2] **Mountebanks**, cheats, tricksters.

counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow willfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.(c)

All the hereditary[1] pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the Eve of St. John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly.

But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the Maypole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; Summer brought roses

[1] **Hereditary,** handed down from parent to child.

of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate[1] season did homage to the Maypole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the new world of a sterner faith than these Maypole worshipers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer time again. Their weapons were always at hand to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave,[2] it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear ser-

[1] **Alternate,** every second one. [2] **Conclave,** assembly.

mons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light heeled reprobate in the stocks;[1] or if he danced, it was round the whipping post,[d] which might be termed the Puritan Maypole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horseload of iron armor[e] to burden his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts[2] of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their Maypole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose.

Often, the whole colony were playing at blindman's buff, magistrates and all, with

[1] **Stocks,** an instrument for punishment.

[2] **Precinct,** neighborhood.

their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments.

Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh?

In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification[1] of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities,[2] the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly that the revelers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual[3] there.

On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus

[1] **Edification,** instruction.
[2] **Enormities,** outrageous actions.
[3] **Perpetual,** everlasting.

of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond slaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them? In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance[1] to the Maypole. The future complexion[2] of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grisly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm forever. But should the banner staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the Maypole.

CHAPTER III

After these authentic[3] passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord

[1] **Allegiance**, loyalty.
[2] **Complexion**, character, appearance.
[3] **Authentic**, reliable.

and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the Maypole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit, and leaves only a faint, golden tinge blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously[1] from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes, with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay maskers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morris dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the Maypole mummeries.[2] Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start

[1] **Instantaneously,** at once. [2] **Mummeries,** masquerades.

up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the center of the circle, while the rout[1] of monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect[2] that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his headpiece and breastplate.(f) It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott[3] himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!"[4] said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone![5] Thou art the man who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own cor-

[1] **Rout,** rabble.

[2] **Aspect,** appearance.

[3] **Endicott,** the most famous Puritan governor of Massachusetts colony.

[4] **Baal,** a heathen god named in the Bible.

[5] Did Governor Endicott speak less positively, we should suspect a mistake here. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount. — Hawthorne's note.

rupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed Maypole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless[1] enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs and ribbons and flowers, symbolic[2] of departed pleasures, down fell the banner staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more somber shadow.

"There," said Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work, "there lies the only Maypole in New England! The thought is strong within me that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle

[1] **Remorseless,** having no regret.
[2] **Symbolic,** being a sign.

mirth makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott."

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the Maypole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient[1] of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a Maypole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping post!"

"But there are pine trees enow,"[2] suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks(g) to

[1] **Ancient**, leader.

[2] **Enow**, enough.

rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft[1] in the beast."

[1] **Witchcraft.** Belief in witches was held by almost everybody in the time of Endicott.

"Here be[1] a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive.[2] Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burden him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or for evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle

[1] **Be.** In former times, "be" was used very commonly for "are."

[2] **Apprehensive,** fearing.

pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently, for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched!" (h)

"Not so," replied the immitigable [1] zealot.[2] "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex which requireth the stricter discipline. (j) What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

[1] **Immitigable**, hard, immovable.

[2] **Zealot**, one who has zeal without reason.

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable[1] blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport[2] themselves under their present trials ere we burden them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the lovelock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true

[1] **Inevitable,** sure, unavoidable. [2] **Comport,** conduct.

pumpkin shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a Maypole!" (k)

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the Maypole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gayety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of

their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is the meaning of "Jollity and gloom were contending"?

(*a*) Page 202. Which did the dwellers at Merry Mount stand for?

If you can, find and tell the origin of Maypoles.

Describe this particular pole; the people gathered around it.

Why were they dressed so oddly?

(*b*) Page 209. Do the May Lord and Lady seem suited to their surroundings?

(*c*) Page 213. Were these people happy? Do you suppose the Puritans were happier?

(*d*) (*g*) Pages 215, 222. Find out about "stocks and whipping posts." If you can, bring pictures of them to the class.

(*e*) Page 215. Puritan settlers wore heavy armor for protection. Turn to *Darius Green*, page 339, for the names of parts of it. What weapons did the Indians use at that time? Would armor be a protection against these?

(*f*) Page 220. What is the meaning of this sentence?

(*h*) Page 225. What do you think of the young man's courage?

(*j*) Page 225. How did the Puritans feel toward women?

(*k*) Page 227. What did the governor propose to do with the young couple?

What do you think of this story? Is it cheerful? Does the ending please you? Would it have been better if the pleasure seekers had driven off the Puritans, and gone on living a life of pleasure only? How does the author say that they felt about it? What other stories of Hawthorne do you know?

In the following poems the poet draws character sketches of three groups of English settlers on the Atlantic coast, and shows the different reasons that induced them to come to America.

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP

At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls,
Fullarmed in faith, erected home and shrine,
And flourished where the wild Atlantic rolls
Its pyramids of brine.

There rose a manly race austere[1] and strong,
On whom no lessons of their day were lost,
Earnest as some conventicle's[2] deep song,
And keen as their own frost.

But that shrewd frost became a friend to those
Who fronted there the Ice King's bitter storm,
For see we not that underneath the snows
The growing wheat keeps warm?

Soft ease and silken opulence[3] they spurned;
From sands of silver, and from emerald boughs
With golden ingots laden full, they turned
Like Pilgrims under vows.[4]

For them no tropic seas, no slumbrous calms,
No rich abundance generously unrolled:

[1] **Austere**, stern.

[2] **Conventicle**, assembly for worship, church.

[3] **Opulence**, wealth.

[4] **Pilgrims under vows**, travelers to a religious shrine to fulfill a vow.

In place of Cromwell's[1] proffered flow'rs
and palms
They chose the long drawn cold.

The more it blew, the more they faced
the gale;
The more it snowed, the more they
would not freeze;
And when crops failed on sterile hill and
vale —
They went to reap the seas!

Far North, through wild and stormy
brine they ran,
With hands acold plucked Winter by
the locks!
Masterful mastered great Leviathan[2]
And drove the foam as flocks.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What does the poet name as the leading characteristics of the New England settlers? Compare this poem with Mrs. Hemans' *Landing of the Pilgrims*, page 199.

[1] **Cromwell,** the great English Puritan leader.
[2] **Leviathan,** the whale.

Do the two poems speak of the same characteristics? Read the passages that do this.

Which poem draws the more vivid picture?

Which describes the settlers the more plainly?

Explain:

"pyramids of brine," line 4.

"keen as their own frost," line 8.

"shrewd frost," line 9.

The sixth stanza, line 24.

THE MIDDLE GROUP

Next in their order came the Middle Group,
Perchance less hardy, but as brave they grew, —
Grew straight and tall with not a bend, or stoop —
Heart timber through and through.

Midway between the ardent heat and cold
They spread abroad, and by a homely spell,
The iron of their axes changed to gold
As fast the forests fell!

Doing the things they found to do, we see
That thus they drew a mighty empire's charts,
And, working for the present, took in fee[1]
The future for their marts!

And there unchallenged may the boast be made.
Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
That Penn, the Founder, never once betrayed
The simple Indian's trust.

To them the genius which linked silver lakes
With the blue ocean and the outer world,
And the fair banner, which their commerce shakes,
Wise Clinton's[2] hand unfurled.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

[1] **Took in fee,** took possession of.
[2] **Clinton,** an English governor of New York.

What states are included in this group?

Who were Penn and Clinton? Get all the facts you can about them.

How did the settlers in these states compare with those in the New England States?

What motives brought them to America?

Explain: "The simple Indian's trust," line 16; line 17.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

Then sweeping down below Virginia's capes,
From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
We find the settlers laughing 'mid their grapes
And ignorant of snows.

The fragrant uppowock, and golden corn
Spread far afield by river and lagoon,
And all the months poured out from plenty's horn
Were opulent as June.

Yet, they had tragedies all dark and fell!
Lone Roanoke Island rises on the view,

And this Peninsula its tale could tell
Of Opecancanough.[1]

But, when the ocean thunders on the shore,
Its waves, though broken, overflow the beach;
So here our fathers on and onward bore
With English laws and speech.

Kind skies above them, underfoot rich soils;
Silence and savage at their presence fled;
This Giant's Causeway,[2] sacred through their toils,
Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts and ever open hands,
Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits colored by fair lands,
As skies give waters hue.

[1] **Opecancanough** (o-pe-can′-can-ŭf), a famous Indian chief.

[2] **Giant's Causeway.** A famous cliff on the coast of Ireland, said by tradition to have been made by giants.

The race in semi-feudal state[1] appears —
Their knightly figures glow in tender mist,
With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
And ghostly hawks on wrist.[2]

By enterprise and high adventure stirred,
From rude lunette[3] and sentry-guarded croft,[4]
They hawked at Empire, and, as on they spurred,
Fate's falcon[5] soared aloft!

Fate's falcon soared aloft full strong and free,
With blood on talons, plumage, beak, and breast!
Her shadow like a storm shade on the sea
Far sailing down the West!

[1] **Semi-feudal state,** a condition somewhat like that of lords and knights and their followers of long ago.

[2] **Hawks on wrist,** formerly trained hawks were kept to hunt other birds. They were attached by cords to the wrists of their owners.

[3] **Lunette,** a kind of fortification.

[4] **Sentry-guarded croft,** farm guarded by sentinels.

[5] **Falcon,** trained hawk.

Swift hoofs clang out behind that falcon's flights —
Hoofs shod with golden horseshoes catch the eye!
And as they ring, we see the forest knights —
The Cavaliers ride by!

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

How does the region described in this poem differ from that in the two preceding poems?

How do the people differ?

Can you tell by the descriptions in which section of the country the author lived?

How does he show it?

Would the people of Merry Mount have been better suited to the life of the Southern colonies than to that of New England?

Discuss and explain:

"laughing 'mid their grapes," line 3.
"Roanoke Island," line 11.
"Opecancanough," line 13.
"ghostly pennons," line 27.
Lines 31, 32.
"Cavaliers," line 40.

James Barron Hope, 1829–1887, author of these three poems, was a Virginian, sometimes called the "Virginia Laureate."

THE BOOK OF ESTHER

I

Now it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus, (this is Ahasuerus which reigned, from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces:) that in those days, when the king Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan[1] the palace, in the third year of his reign, he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him; when he shewed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore (a) days. And when these days were fulfilled, the king made a feast unto all the people that were present in Shushan the palace, both great and small, seven days, in the court of the garden of the king's palace; there were hangings of white cloth, of green, and of blue, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of

[1] **Shushan**, Susa, the ancient capital of the Median Empire.

marble; the couches were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and white, and yellow, and black marble. Also Vashti the queen made a feast for the women in the royal house which belonged to king Ahasuerus.

On the seventh day, when the heart of the king was merry with wine, he commanded the seven chamberlains that ministered in the presence of Ahasuerus the king, to bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal, to shew the peoples and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused [b] to come at the king's commandment by the chamberlains. Therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him. Then the king said to the wise men, which knew the times: "What shall we do unto the queen Vashti according to law, because she hath not done the bidding of the king Ahasuerus by the chamberlains?" And Memucan answered before the king and the princes: "If it so please the king, let there go forth a royal commandment from him, and let it be written among the laws of the Persians and

the Medes,[c] that it be not altered, that Vashti come no more before king Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate unto another that is better than she."

And the saying pleased the king and the princes and the king did according to the word of Memucan.

After these things, when the wrath of king Ahasuerus was pacified, he remembered Vashti, and what she had done, and what was decreed against her. Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him: "Let there be fair young virgins sought for the king; and let the king appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan the palace, to the house of the women, unto the custody of Hegai the king's chamberlain, keeper of the women; and let their things for purification[1][d] be given them: and let the maiden which pleaseth the king be queen instead of Vashti." And the thing pleased the king; and he did so.

[1] **Purification,** certain ceremonies supposed to add to the beauty of the women.

II

There was a certain Jew in Shushan the palace, whose name was Mordecai, a Benjamite;[1] who had been carried away from Jerusalem with the captives which Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon had carried away.[2] And he brought up Hadassah, that is, Esther, his uncle's daughter; for she had neither father nor mother, and the maiden was fair and beautiful. And when her father and mother were dead, Mordecai took her for his own daughter. So it came to pass, when the king's commandment and his decree was heard, and when many maidens were gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the custody of Hegai, that Esther was taken into the king's house, to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the women. And the maiden pleased him, and she obtained kindness of him; and he speedily gave her her things for purification, with her portions, and the seven maidens, which were meet to be given her, out of the

[1] **Benjamite**, of the Jewish tribe of Benjamin.

[2] **Nebuchadnezzar** had conquered the land of Judea and taken many of the people as captives to Babylon.

king's house:[1] and he removed her and her maidens to the best place of the house of the women. Esther had not shewed her people nor her kindred, for Mordecai had charged her that she should not shew it. And Mordecai walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what should become of her.

Now when the turn of every maiden was come to go in to king Ahasuerus, whatsoever she desired was given her to go with her out of the house of the women unto the king's house. She came in unto the king no more, except the king delighted in her, and that she were called by name.

Now when the turn of Esther, the daughter of Abihail the uncle of Mordecai, who had taken her for his daughter, was come to go in unto the king, she required nothing but what Hegai the king's chamberlain, the keeper of the women, appointed.[2] And Esther obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her.

So Esther was taken unto king Ahasuerus

[1] The maidens were cared for at the king's expense.

[2] **Appointed,** she sought no special favors.

into his house royal in the tenth month, which is the month Tebeth,[1] in the seventh year of his reign. And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti.

Then the king made a great feast unto all his princes and his servants, even Esther's feast; and he made a release[2] to the provinces, and gave gifts, according to the bounty of the king.

And when the virgins were gathered together the second time, then Mordecai sat in the king's gate. Esther had not yet shewed her kindred nor her people, as Mordecai had charged her; for Esther did the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him.

In those days, while Mordecai sat in the king's gate, two of the king's chamberlains, Bigthan and Teresh, of those which kept the

[1] **Tebeth.** Each month had a name with the Jews as it has with us.

[2] **Release,** relieved them of some of their taxes.

door, were wroth, and sought to lay hands on the king Ahasuerus. And the thing was known to Mordecai, who shewed it unto Esther the queen; and Esther told the king thereof in Mordecai's name. And when inquisition[1] was made of the matter, and it was found to be so, they were both hanged on a tree[2]: and it was written in the book of the chronicles before the king.

III

After these things did king Ahasuerus promote Haman the son of Hammedatha[3] the Agagite, and advanced him and set his seat above all the princes that were with him. And all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, bowed down, and did reverence to Haman: for the king had so commanded concerning him. But Mordecai bowed not down, nor did him reverence.

Then the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, said unto Mordecai, "Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?"

[1] **Inquisition,** inquiry. [2] **Tree,** gallows.
[3] **Hammedatha** (Ham-me-da'-tha).

Now it came to pass, when they spake daily unto him, and he hearkened not unto them, that they told Haman to see whether Mordecai's matters would stand, for he had told them that he was a Jew. And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not down, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath. But he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone; for they had shewed him the people of Mordecai; wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai.

In the first month, which is the month Nisan, in the twelfth year of king Ahasuerus, they cast pur,[1] that is, the lot, before Haman from day to day, and from month to month, to the twelfth month, which is the month Adar. And Haman said unto king Ahasuerus: "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the peoples in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from those of every people; neither keep they the

[1] **Pur,** casting lots was in ancient times a religious ceremony, an appeal to the gods for guidance or knowledge.

king's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they be destroyed; and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver into the hands of those that have the charge of the king's business, to bring it into the king's treasuries." And the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it unto Haman the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, the Jews' enemy. And the king said unto Haman: "The silver is given to thee, the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee."

Then were the king's scribes called in the first month, on the thirteenth day thereof, and there was written according to all that Haman commanded unto the king's satraps, and to the governors that were over every province, and to the princes of every people; to every province according to the writing thereof, and to every people after their language; in the name of king Ahasuerus was it written, and it was sealed with the king's ring. And letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to slay, and to cause

to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month of Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey. A copy of the writing, that the decree should be given out in every province, was published unto all the peoples, that they should be ready against that day. The posts went forth in haste by the king's commandment, and the decree was given out in Shushan the palace. And the king and Haman sat down to drink; but the city of Shushan was perplexed.

IV

Now when Mordecai knew all that was done, Mordecai rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes,[1] and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry,[e] and he came even before the king's gate; for none might enter within the king's gate clothed with sackcloth. And in every province, whithersoever the

[1] **Ashes,** wearing coarse clothing and putting ashes on the head was a common way of showing grief.

king's commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in sackcloth and ashes. And Esther's maidens and her chamberlains came and told it her; and the queen was exceedingly grieved; and she sent raiment to clothe Mordecai, and to take his sackcloth from off him, but he received it not.

Then called Esther for Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, whom he had appointed to attend upon her, and charged him to go to Mordecai, to know what this was, and why it was. So Hatach went forth to Mordecai unto the broad place of the city, which was before the king's gate. And Mordecai told him of all that had happened unto him, and the exact sum of the money that Haman had promised to pay to the king's treasuries for the Jews, to destroy them. Also he gave him the copy of the writing of the decree that was given out in Shushan to destroy them, to shew it unto Esther, and to declare it unto her; and to charge her that she should go in unto the king, to make supplication unto him,

and to make request before him, for her people. And Hatach came and told Esther the words of Mordecai.

Then Esther spake unto Hatach, and gave him a message unto Mordecai, saying: "All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law for him, that he be put to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden scepter, that he may live: but I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days." And they told to Mordecai Esther's words.

Then Mordecai bade them return answer unto Esther: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall perish. And who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Then Esther bade them return answer unto Mordecai:

"Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day. I also and my maidens will fast in like manner; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." So Mordecai went his way, and did according to all that Esther had commanded him.

Now it came to pass on the third day, that Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, over against the king's house: and the king sat upon his royal throne in the royal house, over against the entrance of the house. And it was so, when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden scepter that was in his hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the scepter. Then said the king unto her, "What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom." And Esther said, "If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day unto

Laetitia Herr

the banquet that I have prepared for him." Then the king said, "Cause Haman to make haste, that it may be done as Esther hath said."

So the king and Haman came to the banquet that Esther had prepared. And the king said unto Esther at the banquet of wine, "What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed."

Then answered Esther, and said, "My petition and my request is, if I have found favor in the sight of the king, and if it please the king to grant my petition, and to perform my request, let the king and Haman come to the banquet that I shall prepare for them, and I will do tomorrow as the king hath said."

Then went Haman forth that day joyful and glad of heart; but when Haman saw Mordecai in the king's gate, that he stood not up nor moved for him, he was filled with wrath against Mordecai.

Nevertheless Haman refrained himself, and went home; and he sent and fetched his

friends and Zeresh his wife. And Haman recounted unto them the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king. Haman said, moreover: "Yea, Esther the queen did let no man come in with the king unto the banquet that she had prepared but myself; and tomorrow also am I invited by her together with the king. Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

Then said Zeresh his wife and all his friends unto him: "Let a gallows be made of fifty cubits high, and in the morning speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon; then go thou in merrily with the king unto the banquet." And the thing pleased Haman; and he caused the gallows to be made.

V

On that night could not the king sleep; and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles, and they were

read before the king. And it was found written, that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and Teresh, two of the king's chamberlains, of those that kept the door, who sought to lay hands on the king Ahasuerus. And the king said, "What honor and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, "There is nothing done for him." And the king said, "Who is in the court?"

Now Haman was come into the outward court of the king's house, to speak unto the king to hang Mordecai on the gallows that he had prepared for him. And the king's servants said unto him, "Behold Haman standeth in the court." And the king said, "Let him come in." So Haman came in. And the king said unto him, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Now Haman said in his heart, "To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?" And Haman said unto the king: "For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and

the horse that the king rideth upon, and on the head of which a crown royal is set; and let the apparel and the horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and cause him to ride on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

Then the king said to Haman: "Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate. Let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken."

Then took Haman the apparel and the horse, and arrayed Mordecai, and caused him to ride through the street of the city, and proclaimed before him, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor." And Mordecai came again to the king's gate.

But Haman hasted to his house, mourning and having his head covered.[1] And Haman

[1] **Covered,** this was a sign of mourning.

recounted unto Zeresh his wife and all his friends everything that had befallen him. Then said his wise men and Zeresh his wife unto him, "If Mordecai, before whom thou hast begun to fall, be of the seed of the Jews, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him." While they were yet talking with him, came the king's chamberlains, and hasted to bring Haman unto the banquet that Esther had prepared.

VI

So the king and Haman came to the banquet with Esther the queen. And the king said again unto Esther on the second day at the banquet of wine, "What is thy petition, queen Esther? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed." Then Esther the queen answered and said: "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and

bondwomen, I had held my peace, although the adversary could not have compensated for the king's damage."

Then spake the king Ahasuerus and said unto Esther the queen, "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" And Esther said, "An adversary and an enemy, even this wicked Haman."

Then Haman was afraid before the king and queen. And the king arose in his wrath from the banquet of wine and went into the palace garden; and Haman stood up to make request for his life to Esther the queen, for he saw there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned out of the palace garden into the place of the banquet of wine. Then said Harbonah, one of the chamberlains that were before the king: "Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman hath made for Mordecai, who spake good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman." And the king said, "Hang him thereon." So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified.

On that day did the king Ahasuerus give the house of Haman the Jews' enemy unto Esther the queen. And Mordecai came before the king; for Esther had told him what he was unto her. And the king took off his ring, which he had taken from Haman, and gave it unto Mordecai. And Esther set Mordecai over the house of Haman. And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews.

Then the king held out to Esther the golden scepter. So Esther arose, and stood before the king. And she said: "If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, which he wrote to destroy the Jews which are in all the king's provinces; for how can I endure to see the evil that

shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"

Then the king Ahasuerus said unto Esther the queen and to Mordecai the Jew: "Behold I have given Esther the house of Haman, and him they have hanged upon the gallows, because he laid his hand upon the Jews. Write ye also to the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse."

Then were the king's scribes called at that time, in the third month, which is the month of Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and the satraps,[1] and the governors and princes of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, an hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and

[1] **Satraps.** Rulers of small divisions of the Empire.

according to their language. And he wrote in the name of the king Ahasuerus, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by post on horseback, riding on swift steeds that were used in the king's service, bred of the stud; wherein the king granted the Jews which were in every city to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all the power of the people and province that would assault them, and to take the spoil of them for a prey, upon one day in all the provinces of king Ahasuerus, namely, upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month Adar. A copy of the writing, that the decree should be given out in every province, was published unto all the peoples, and that the Jews should be ready against that day to avenge themselves on their enemies.

So the posts that rode upon swift steeds that were used in the king's service went out, being hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment; and the decree was given out in Shushan the palace. And Mordecai went forth from the presence of the

king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a robe of fine linen and purple; and the city of Shushan shouted and was glad. The Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honor. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had gladness and joy, a feast and a good day. And many from among the peoples of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews was fallen upon them.

Now in the twelfth month, which is the month Adar, on the thirteenth day of the same, when the king's commandment and his decree drew near to be put in execution, in the day that the enemies of the Jews hoped to have rule over them; whereas it was turned to the contrary, that the Jews had rule over them that hated them, the Jews gathered themselves together in their cities throughout all the provinces of the king Ahasuerus, to lay hand on such as sought their hurt. And no man could withstand them; for the fear of them was fallen upon all the peoples. And all the

princes of the provinces, and the satraps, and the governors, and they that did the king's business, helped the Jews; because the fear of Mordecai was fallen upon them. For Mordecai was great in the king's house, and his fame went forth throughout all the provinces, for the man Mordecai waxed greater and greater. And the Jews smote all their enemies with the stroke of the sword, and with slaughter and destruction, and did what they would unto them that hated them. And in Shushan the palace the Jews slew and destroyed five hundred men. And the ten sons of Haman the son of Hammedatha, the Jews' enemy, slew they; but on the spoil they laid not their hand.

VIII

This was done on the thirteenth day of the month Adar; and on the fourteenth day of the same they rested, and made it a day of feasting and gladness. But the Jews that were in Shushan assembled together on the thirteenth day thereof, and on the fourteenth thereof; and on the fif-

teenth day of the same they rested, and made it a day of feasting and gladness. Therefore do the Jews of the villages, that dwell in the unwalled towns, make the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another.

And the king Ahasuerus laid a tribute upon the land, and upon the isles of the sea. And all the acts of his power and of his might, and the full account of the greatness of Mordecai, whereunto the king advanced him, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Medea and Persia? For Mordecai the Jew was next unto king Ahasuerus, and great among the Jews, and accepted of the multitude of his brethren; seeking the good of his people, and speaking peace to all his seed.

From the Bible.

Questions for Study

(*a*) page 238. How many were one hundred and four score?

(*b*) page 239. Why should Vashti refuse?

(*c*) page 240. Did you ever hear the phrase

"the laws of the Medes and Persians" used for something that could not be changed? Do you see how it got that meaning?

(*d*) page 240. Explain "Purification."

(*e*) page 247. Was this way of showing grief just Mordecai's way or was it the common way? Do you recall any other similar accounts?

How did the Jews come to be in Shushan? What was it that annoyed Haman? How did he plan to get revenge? Who advised this? What added to his anger?

Why did Esther hesitate to go before the king?

Why did she ask the king and Haman to a banquet instead of immediately telling her troubles? How did the king get around the "law of the Medes and Persians" so as to save the Jews?

What is the ending of the story?

Does that make it a good story?

Write out in order the main incidents of the story. Is this order suited to keep up the interest?

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me

To tell him in rime.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,[1]
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rime,
For of rimes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate[2]
To them and the king.
From its sources which well
In the tarn[3] on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,

[1] **Lodore**, a waterfall in England.

[2] **Laureate**, official poet. [3] **Tarn**, pool.

It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting.
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter skelter,
Hurry scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in.
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,

And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing
and clashing;
And so never ending, but always de-
scending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever
are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty
uproar,
And this way the Water comes down at
Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Does this poem picture to you a rushing waterfall? Watch one and see if you can see what the poet saw.

To whom besides the king was the poet "laureate"? line 22.

Which parts of the description seem genuine and which seem like a joke? Do the lines 55–121 seem anything more than an attempt to bring in all the words that the poet could think of as possibly applying to the rushing water?

How many accented syllables are used in a line in the earlier part? How many in the latter part? Does this change indicate a difference in the

movement of the water? Do you regard this poem as a real description of nature or as just fun?

Robert Southey, 1774–1843, was a popular poet of England. He wrote many agreeable poems.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript,[1] which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia[2] to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius[3] in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations,[4] where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swine-

[1] **Manuscript,** written book.
[2] **Abyssinia,** a country in Africa.
[3] **Confucius,** the great Chinese philosopher.
[4] **Mundane Mutations,** worldly changes.

herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration[1] over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian[2] makeshift of a building, you may think it) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation,[3] as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the

[1] **Conflagration,** large fire.

[2] **Antediluvian,** before the flood, very ancient.

[3] **Consternation,** great alarm.

pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before, — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

A premonitory[1] moistening at the same time overflowed his nether[2] lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — crackling![3]

[1] **Premonitory**, suggesting beforehand.
[2] **Nether**, lower. [3] **Crackling**, the crisp skin of a roast pig.

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory[1] cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in the lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters.(a) His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible[2]

[1] **Retributory,** punishing. [2] **Sensible,** aware.

of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what, — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; O Lord!" — with suchlike barbarous ejaculations,[1] cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he

[1] Ejaculations, cries.

grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when, the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them.

Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime.[b] As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to

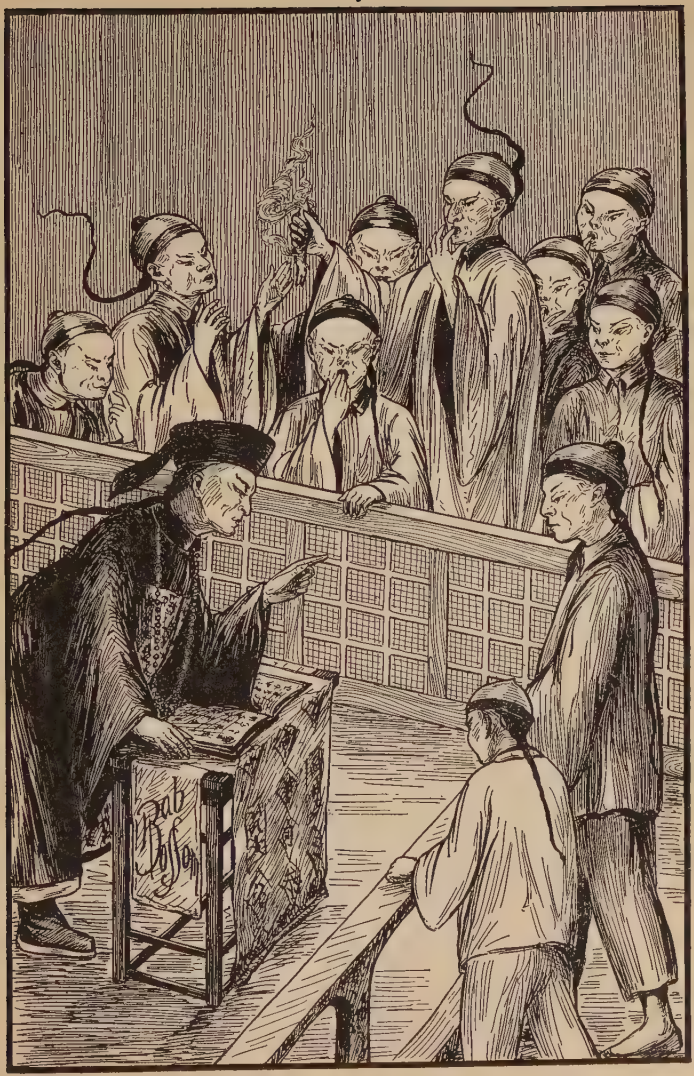
be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which the judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous[1] verdict of Not Guilty.(c)

[1] **Simultaneous,** all at the same time.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing,[1] and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance[(d)] offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow de-

[1] **Took wing**, became quickly known.



grees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

CHARLES LAMB.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What do you think of this story? Does the author make it seem real? How does he do this? Does his referring it to an old Chinese book have anything to do with it? Is it true that there must have been a time when men ate raw food? Do you know any great inventions or discoveries that were the results of accident?

(*a*) Page 274. — What were "those remote quarters"?

(*b*) Page 276. — Do you know of anything in real life as absurd as burning down houses to roast pigs?

(*c*) Page 277. — Why did the jury acquit the culprits?

(*d*) Page 278. — Do you suppose that there were really insurance offices in ancient times in China?

Why should the author mention them?

Charles Lamb, 1775–1834, one of the most loved of English writers, wrote chiefly essays, some, like *Roast Pig*, filled with humor, others serious. He also wrote poems.

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, a Swiss patriot, seeing no way to break the lines of the Austrians but by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp, opened by this means a passage for his countrymen, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian phalanx[1] stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable[2] their front appears,
All horrent[3] with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.
Opposed to these, a hovering band

[1] **Phalanx**, army in close order.
[2] **Impregnable**, too strong to break through.
[3] **Horrent**, rough, bristling.

Contended for their fatherland,
Peasants, whose new found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained;
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell,
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,

The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains above their head?
It must not be: this day, this hour
Annihilates[1] the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field —
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,

[1] **Annihilates**, destroys utterly.

In rumination[1] deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done —
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly —
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,

[1] **Rumination**, deep thought.

While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free —
Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Would Winkelried's brave deed have been of any use in a modern battle? Why?

Discuss and explain: Line 4.
Lines 35, 36.
Line 56.

Who was *Tell?* line 28.

Explain: *conscious*, line 5; *stone*, line 5.

Find and tell what you can of the Swiss and their freedom.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854, was a popular Scotch author of good verse. This is his best-known poem.

WISE MILES

There was once a wise man named Roger Bacon. In his day the wise men were almost always members of some religious order, and Roger Bacon was of the order of

Friars, and so came to be known as Friar Bacon.

It was a time when learned men were trying to do all manner of vain things. They thought to discover some wonderful draught[1] which would make men live forever. They tried to find some means by which they could turn lead or iron into gold, and they fancied there was a kind of powder which would do this; this powder they called the Philosopher's Stone.

So they mixed all kinds of powders and liquids; they were forever at work over their charcoal fires, and as each one wished to be the great discoverer, they all worked in secret chambers and behind closed doors.

Thus they came to be thought of as workers in magic, and people looked curiously at them, and were rather afraid of them. These wise men needed servants to fetch and carry for them, and they sometimes chose servants who were dull, for they did not wish any one who was near to them to know just what they did.

[1] **Draught**, drink.

Friar Bacon worked much in his cell, and he had a friend, Friar Bungey, whom he trusted. He had also a merry fellow for a servant, named Miles. Friar Bungey knew what Friar Bacon was doing, but Miles never bothered his head about his master's work.

Now Friar Bacon had a great love for England, his country. And, as he read in old histories, he saw that more than once people had come across the waters and conquered England. He bethought himself how he could defend the country, and thought if he could only build a great brass wall about England he could defend it.

As he thought longer, this did not seem very possible; and then he thought if he could station a brass man here and there, at points where soldiers would land; and if he could make the brass man speak, he might defend it in this way, for everybody would be afraid who came near the coast and saw a brass man, and heard the brass man shout.

So he and Friar Bungey set to work and

made a Brazen Head. They fashioned the jaws, and tongue, and teeth, and the other parts of the inside of a head, and set them carefully within the Brazen Head. But though there was everything with which to speak, the Brazen Head said never a word.

They were sore perplexed; they read and they studied, but could find out nothing. So they did what the wise men of those days did when everything else failed. They went by night into a wood, and there all by themselves they called on the Evil Spirit to come out of the darkness and tell them what they were to do.

After they had coaxed and threatened the spirit, they got an answer. They were to take six herbs, or simples as they were called, and make a hot fire and steam these simples till there was a great steam, and this steam they were to let rise into the Brazen Head.

This they were to do, and to watch the steam steadily. Sometime or other, perhaps in a month or less, the fume would work and the Brazen Head would speak,

and then they would know how it was done.

So back to their cell went the two friars. They got the precious simples and steamed them, and watched the hot fumes night and day, night and day. But after about three weeks of this, they grew terribly sleepy, and though they tried to keep each other awake, it was plain that they might both be asleep when the Brazen Head should speak. That would never do; so Friar Bacon called his servant Miles.

"Miles," said he, "sit you here and watch. This Brazen Head is about to speak, but Friar Bungey and I have watched so long that we must needs sleep. We look to you to take our place. Have no fear, but the moment you hear the Head speak, on that instant come quickly and wake us."

Miles was a faithful fellow, and he promised Friar Bacon he would do as he was bid. So the two friars lay down, and in a twinkling were fast asleep. Miles now was left to himself, and to keep awake he played on a fiddle he had and began

singing a song, which he made up as he went along. So he kept awake, and by and by there was a great rumbling and quaking sound, and the Brazen Head opened its mouth and spoke just two words:

TIME IS.

"Well, well," quoth Miles to himself, "that is no news. I'll not wake master for that. Go to, old Brazen Head!" said he, aloud. "Hath the great Friar Bacon worked at thee all these months, and this is all that comes of it? Time is? I'll warrant thee, old Boy:

"Time is for some to eat
Time is for some to sleep,
Time is for some to laugh,
Time is for some to weep."

So honest Miles sang to the tune of his fiddle, and made up verse upon verse, wagging his head, and laughing at that great Brazen Head. A half hour more, and the mouth opened again, and there came forth the words,

TIME WAS.

"Sure enough," said Miles, scornfully; "and d'ye think I would wake my master to tell him that great piece of news? Time was, indeed! Away with ye!

"Time was when thou a kettle
Wert filled with better matter;
But Friar Bacon did thee spoil
When he thy sides did batter."

And so did merry Miles sing to another jolly tune.

Another half hour passed. Then there came a deep rumbling and grumbling sound, and the Brazen Head opened its mouth once more and clanged out,

TIME IS PAST,

and thereat it fell over on its face and brake all to bits. And there was a terrible noise, and there were great flashes of fire, so that poor Miles was half dead with fear. He dropped his fiddle and fell on his knees, and the room was full of smoke.

Now the noise and the smoke were so horrible that Friar Bacon and Friar Bungey suddenly waked. They rushed into the

cell, and there they saw Miles beating his breast and crying out, and on the floor lay the Brazen Head all in bits.

"What is this! what is this!" cried Friar Bacon. "What hast thou done?"

"Sure, it fell down all of itself!" shouted Miles.

"And did he not speak? Did he say nothing?"

"Nothing at all, at all," quoth Miles, "but just some senseless words. A parrot could say more."

"Out upon you!" said Friar Bacon, lifting his hand to strike the wretch. "If you had called me when it spake, we should all have been great men, for we should have done that which would have saved England from all her foes. What did the Brazen Head say?"

"It just said, 'Time is,' the first time," quoth Miles.

"Ah," said Friar Bacon, "you have undone us. Had you called us then, we should have been in time. Did it speak again?"

"Ay, sir, that it did, half an hour afterwards, and it just said, 'Time was.'"

"Woe, woe! if thou hadst but called us then!" said Friar Bungey, shaking his head.

"Sure, sir," said Miles, "I thought it would be telling some long tale, and then I would have waked ye, but it kept quiet for half an hour, and then it blabbed out, 'Time is past,' and fell down headfirst, and there was such a clatter that I had no need to wake ye. The old beast would have waked the dead."

Then Friar Bacon was wroth, and would have let his hand fall heavily upon poor Miles, but Friar Bungey told him it was a shame to strike such an ignorant man. So Friar Bacon withheld his hand, but he made Miles dumb for the space of a month, in punishment, though, to be sure, there was not much that Miles had to say.

So England had to content herself with live men to guard her gates.

—Irish Medieval Tale.

Questions for Study

What do you think of Miles? Is this a "good yarn"? What makes it interesting?

Wise Miles, like *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus,* is by some unknown author of long ago.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's[1] waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads[2] of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its embrasure.[3]

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

[1] **Rappahannock**, a river in Virginia.

[2] **Meads**, meadows.

[3] **Embrazure**, an opening in a wall for the muzzle of a cannon.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain — now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined[1] by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand
Reverberate[2] with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

[1] **Margined**, bounded, lined along.
[2] **Reverberate**, resound, echo.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet,

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON.

This poem tells of an incident that occurred at the Battle of Fredericksburg during the Civil War in America.

What was the incident?

Why did the soldiers all keep silent, line 56?

Is the picture a clear one?

Does it make war seem glorious and worth while or not?

Explain lines 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 33 and 34, 41 and 42.

What is the reason for the contrast between the descriptions of the brook in lines 41, 42 and lines 49, 50?

Explain lines 57–64.

John Reuben Thompson (1823–1873) was a Virginian, an editor of a newspaper, as well as a poet.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave

the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This short speech is one of the most famous of speeches. It was delivered by President Lincoln at the dedication of a monument to those who fell on the field of Gettysburg.

How long a time is fourscore and seven years?

If Lincoln had said "eighty-seven," would it have been as effective an introduction as "Fourscore and seven"?

What is meant by "we cannot consecrate this ground"?

Memorize the last paragraph.

What is the "last full measure of devotion"?

Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1865, the President of the United States from 1861 until his murder in 1865, was a poor boy, who had little schooling. Besides becoming, through his own efforts, a great statesman, he became the master of an extraordinarily good English style.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

This poem was written after the murder of President Lincoln, who was the "Captain."

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip
is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the
prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the
people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the
vessel grim and daring;

But, O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and
hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung, —
for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd
wreaths, — for you the shores
acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are cold and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 1. "Our fearful trip," the Civil War which was now ended. Who was the Captain of a ship? What is the ship? Recall the last passage of Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*, pages 115, 116.

Line 2, what was the prize?

What is the meaning of the poet in lines 9–12?

Observe that the lines and rimes of this poem are irregular. Whitman did not favor the regular forms of poetry.

Walt Whitman, one of the strongest and most original of our poets, was devoted to the service of mankind. During the Civil War he served as a nurse in the hospitals at Washington.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

On a quiet autumn morning, in the land which he loved so well, and, as he held, served so faithfully, the spirit of Robert Edward Lee left the clay which it had so much ennobled, and traveled out of this world into the great and mysterious land. The expressions of regret which sprang from the few who surrounded the bedside of the dying soldier and Christian yesterday, will be swelled today into one mighty voice of sorrow, resounding throughout our country, and extending over all parts of the world where his great genius and his many virtues are known. For not

to the Southern people alone shall be limited the tribute of a tear over the dead Virginian.

Here in the North, forgetting that the time was when the sword of Robert Edward Lee was drawn against us, — forgetting and forgiving all the years of bloodshed and agony, — we have long since ceased to look upon him as a confederate leader, but have claimed him as one of ourselves; have cherished and felt proud of his military genius as belonging to us; have counted and recorded his triumphs as our own; have extolled his virtue as reflecting upon us; for Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation which gave him birth would be today unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

Never had a mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty of mind and in purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manner which made him the idol of his

friends and of the soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as in the days of his triumph tributes did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox,(a) to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable[1] past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of the soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow today. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn with all the bitterness of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief — this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America (b) — in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom and blossom like

[1] **Irrevocable,** that cannot be recalled.

the distant coming spring into the flowers of a heartier accord!

In person General Lee was a notably handsome man. He was tall of stature and admirably proportioned; his features were regular and most amiable in appearance, and in his manners he was courteous and dignified. In social life he was much admired. As a slaveholder he was beloved by his slaves for his kindness and consideration toward them. General Lee was also noted for his piety. He was an Episcopalian, and was a regular attendant at church. Having a perfect command over his temper, he was never seen angry, and his most intimate friends never heard him utter an oath. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock,[c] and was as equally devout a Christian. In his death our country has lost a son of whom she might well be proud, and for whose services she might have stood in need had he lived a few years longer, for we are certain that, had occasion required it, General Lee would

have given to the United States the benefit of all his great talents.

New York Herald.

Questions for Study

Explain: Appomattox, (*a*) page 305.
Bayard of America, (*b*) page 305.
Havelock, (*c*) page 306.

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples[1] yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been

[1] **Couples**, leashes.

To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;[1]
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is this poem about? Why should the lords and ladies waken?

[1] **Frayed**, rubbed.

What have hawks to do with hunting, line 4?

What are the "Diamonds," line 12?

Where who "lies," line 19?

Does the rhythm of this poem seem suited to a hunting song? Observe that both the first and the last syllables of each verse (line) are accented. When you read the poem aloud does this have any effect? Compare it with the poem *Music in Camp*, page 294; also with *Belshazzar's Feast*, page 434.

Describe as well as you can the effect of each kind of verse on reading the poems aloud.

Discuss:

"Horns are knelling," line 6.

"Hounds are in their couples yelling," line 5.

"Springlets in the dawn are streaming," line 11.

"Youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we," lines 27, 28.

"Time, stern huntsman, who can balk," line 29.

THE PANTOFLES[1]

In Bagdad lived an old merchant of the name of Abou Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice.[2] His coffers[3] were small to look at, if you

[1] **Pantofles,** slippers. [2] **Avarice,** greed for money
[3] **Coffers,** chests for treasure.

could get a sight of them, and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then, even in his clothes there was much in little: to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery.[1] It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of illsewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting, — a kind of canvas, and so mixed with dirt that its original color, if it still existed, was invisible.

But of all his garments, his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of Argonauts[2] was not a greater miscellany.[3] During the ten years of their

[1] **Drapery,** clothing.

[2] **Argonauts,** sailors, in Greek mythology, who sailed in search of the Golden Fleece.

[3] **Miscellany,** mixture of odd material.

acting in the character of shoes, the most skillful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to the honor of serving for a proverb: and Abou Casem's slippers became a favorite comparison when an excess of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vender informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose water. Casem, greatly rejoicing at this great news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and

buoyant[1] in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate[2] business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such (for your misers seldom have any), observed that his pantofles had made him quite the byword of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not as yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer!" Then having undressed himself, he went into the bath.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi[3] of Bagdad came in, and having undressed himself, he went into the bath likewise. Casem soon after came out, and having dressed himself, looked about for his pantofles, but nowhere could he find them. In the place of his own he found

[1] **Buoyant**, light.

[2] **Intricate**, difficult, confusing.

[3] **Cadi**, judge.

a pair so different that they were not only new, but splendid: and feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend, not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it, he triumphantly thrust his toes into them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy, and with a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the cadi had performed the necessary ablutions,[1] and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered pantofles of the judge, they detected, in a corner, only the curiosities left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defense, sent him to prison.

Now in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide as the purse of the culprit, and no wider.[(a)] Hence it may be supposed that Abou Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly,

[1] **Ablutions**, washing.

did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose water.

The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for a beard is not made of dear stuff;[b] and being mightily enraged with the pantofles, he seized upon them, and threw them out of his window into the River Tigris. It happened a few days after, that some fishermen drew their nets under the window, and the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the pantofles. Furious against Casem, — for who did not know Casem's pantofles? — they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The pantofles flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were arranged with great care along the shelf, and overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose water.

Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out, "Accursed pantofles, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying,

he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

(c) It so happened that one of his neighbors was looking out of the window at the time, and seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the cadi, and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite[1] to excite the cupidity of the judge. He allowed the miser to aver,[2] as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations,[3] he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very soles of the pantofles.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, our hero carried them some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now seen the last of them; but his evil genius, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the pantofles precisely to the entrance of the conduit.[4]

[1] **Requisite,** necessary.
[2] **Aver,** tell.
[3] **Asseverations,** declarations.
[4] **Conduit** (kon′-dit), water pipe.

From this point they were carried along into the city, and sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage; and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate[1] slippers, which they immediately took to the cadi, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before: but far was he from having the luck of losing his chattels.[2] The cadi, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power to retain other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted owner.

(*d*) He carried them home with him, meditating as he went, as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them; at length he determined upon committing

[1] **Reprobate,** evil. [2] **Chattels,** property.

them to the flames. Accordingly he tried to do so, but they were too wet; so he put them on the terrace to dry. But his evil spirit, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before; for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other, till he came to the shoes, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell, heavy with hobnails and the accumulated guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, killing him on the spot.

The parents went straight to the cadi and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's pantofles lying by it, upon which the judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine indeed.

Casem returned home, and taking the pantofles, went back to the cadi, crying out with an enthusiasm that convulsed[1] everybody, "Behold! Behold! See here the fatal cause of all the suffering of Casem, these accursed pantofles, which have at length brought

[1] **Convulsed,** overcome with laughter.

Laetitia Hen

ruin upon his head. My lord cadi, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all blame for any accident which these slippers may henceforth occasion, as they certainly will cause some evil to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather."

The cadi could not refuse this request, and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of his miserliness in not buying a new pair of shoes.

GASPER GOZZI.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

(*a*) Page 313. — What does this mean?

(*b*) Page 314. — Why does the author say, "for a beard is not made of dear stuff"?

Narrate Casem's different experiences with his slippers. Did they "serve him right"? Do you sympathize with him? What was the cause of all his trouble?

Rewrite in simpler language paragraph (*c*) on page 315, and paragraph (*d*) on page 316.

Does the use of "large words" in this simple, humorous tale add to the humor of it, or does it produce the opposite effect?

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea flower;
And, holding them back by their flowing locks,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly;

ELIZA CURTIS.

And then we would wander away, away
To the pale green sea groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar —
Low thunder and light in the magic night —
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily;
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily:
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine;
Then leaping out upon them unseen

ELIZA GURNEY

I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair,
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;

With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who love not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold,
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea snake under the sea,
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps,
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;

But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea:
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

LORD TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Is the merman's life as described in stanzas II and III the same as that named in the question stanza I? How does it differ?

What are the merman's notions of a good time? Are they yours, boys?

What is the meaning of "Low thunder and light in the magic night," line 23?

What are "Turkis and agate and almondine," line 32?

Does the mermaid's picture of her life agree with that suggested in the question?

What is her idea of a good time? Is it yours, girls?

Name all the precious stones mentioned in the poem.

In poetry *verse* means *line*, do the verses of these two poems fit the meaning? Do they sound playful as you read them aloud?

What is a merman? A mermaid?

Find and bring to class pictures of them. Find as many stories as you can of mermen and mermaids.

Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892, who wrote *The Merman* and *The Mermaid*, is one of England's greatest poets. Probably you are familiar with his *The Brook* and *The Queen of the May*.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

In these days of many and various flying machines, when there is every prospect that the air will come to be used almost as freely as the water is for transportation, it is interesting to see what a poet wrote about it more than forty years ago. J. T. Trowbridge embodied in his *Darius Green* what was the wisdom of his time.

The dialect of this poem is what may be called the literary or stage dialect of New England. It partially represents the colloquial speech of uneducated rural New England of former generations.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try, —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer — age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes, each bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry,[1] — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,

[1] **Awry**, crooked, to one side.

Working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,[1]
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus[2] of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.

Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,

[1] **Grimace**, a "made-up" face.

[2] **Icarus** and his father **Dædalus**, in the Greek myth, fastened wings to themselves with wax and flew up into the sky. Icarus flew too near the sun, which melted the wax. The wings dropped off, and Icarus fell into the sea and was drowned.

And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We, soon or late,
Shall navigate [1]
The azure,[2] as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And, if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"Birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"
Says he with a grin,
"'T the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller,
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the leetle, chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Er prove that the bat
Has got more brains than'r in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

[1] **Navigate,** sail. [2] **Azure,** blue, the blue sky.

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumblebee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me; —
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?
That Icarus
Made a silly fuss, —
Him an' his daddy Dædalus,
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Er suthin' er other."
And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies [1] that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore 'twas done!"

So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks with thimble and thread

[1] **Nummies,** numskulls, foolish fellows.

And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use, —
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jothan and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work, —
Sitting cross legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed end [1] through with a jerk,
And boring holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.

[1] **Waxed end**, shoemaker's thread, waxed.

But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot holes and pried through cracks.
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye get a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks
His big strong box: —

Song

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,

An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef yeou'll be advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done, —
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by;
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!

An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing
For to try the thing
An' practyse a leetle on the wing."
"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold — a toothache — I
My gracious! — feel's though I should fly!"

Says Jothan, "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head!"
For all the while to himself he said: —
"I'll tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then, soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
And all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the libbe'ty pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fer I'll make 'em believe I'm a chap f'm the moon!
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon."

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way
When Jothan to Nathan chanced to say,
"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o', — the' 's suthin' er other to pay

Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum today."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try.
Le's hurry back an' hide in the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,[1]
From head to foot
An iron suit, —
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail, —
I believe they called the thing a helm, —
And the lid they carried they called a shield;
And, thus accoutered,[2] they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and the pagans that plagued the realm:
So this modern knight
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip, —
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!

[1] **Mail**, a fabric made of metal rings used for making suits of armor. The other articles here mentioned were parts of the armor for the protection of particular parts of the body.

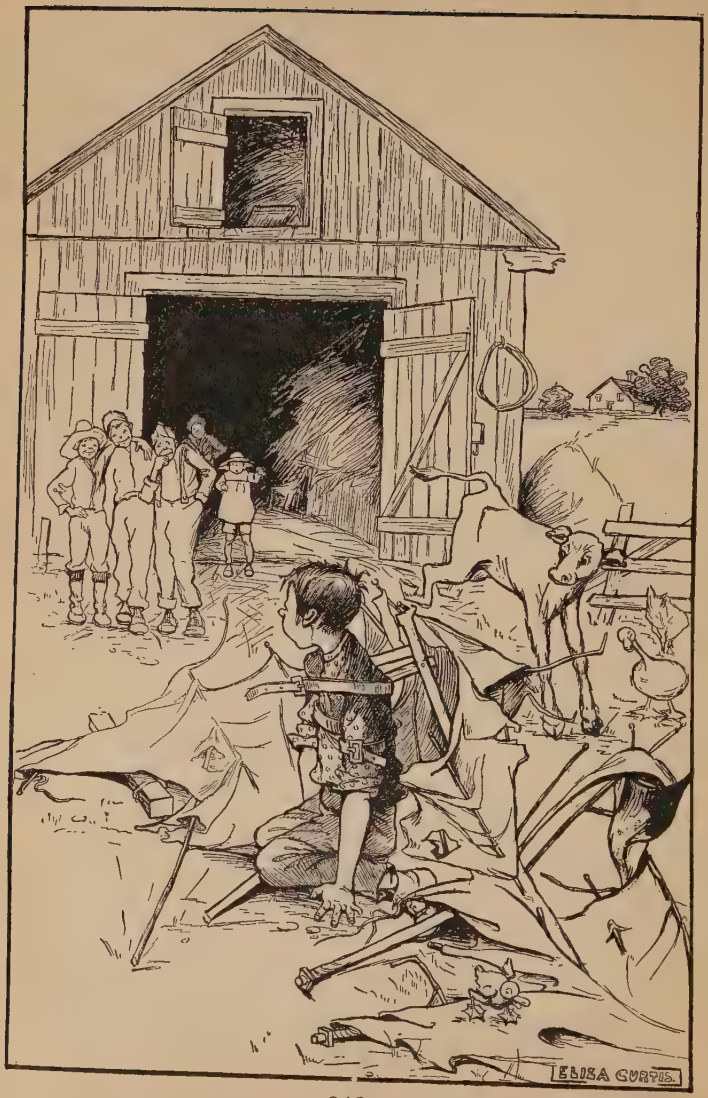
[2] **Accoutered**, furnished, dressed.

And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder, — I see his head!
He stretches it out,
An' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near; —
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a springboard over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's climbin' out now — of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
An' that other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sits like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his springboard, and he teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;

Peeks over his shoulder this way an' that,
Fer to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jiminy! what a jump!
Flop — flop — an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all in a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere, —
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars and various things!
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar.
From the old barn door,


ELISA CURTIS.

And he hears the voice of Jothan crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do yeou like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Well, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

Moral

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, — Take care how you light.

John T. Trowbridge.

Questions for Study

Have you seen a real flying machine?

If so, write a description of it.

What has it to keep it from falling that Darius Green's machine lacked?

Would this story have been as good in prose? Why?

Line 14. Did you ever try to fly?

Did you find out why you could not?

Line 24. Did you ever see any one twisting his face while writing or working with his hands?

Line 76. What do you think of Darius's argument?

Line 164. What do you think of the riming of "*sea gull*" with "*eagle*"?

Would the author have used such a rime in a serious poem?

Does the rime seem suited to the story?

What is the effect of having four lines in succession that rime?

Does it make the story seem to move more swiftly?

Do you suppose that Mr. Trowbridge would have written this poem at the present time?

Why?

What do you think of Darius? Was he foolish? What do you think the author thought of Darius? Why do you think as you do?

Do you know of any great inventors who were laughed at at first?

Did you ever hear any one talk like Darius? If so, from what part of the country did he come?

J. T. Trowbridge, 1827–1911, the author of this comic poem, lived in Massachusetts. You may have read his *Story of a Bad Boy*.

GIANT DESPAIR

This selection is taken from Bunyan's famous book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The pilgrim named Christian, after many experiences with his friend and fellow traveler Hopeful, tired out, has strayed into the grounds of a strange castle and fallen asleep.

Now there was not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were Pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and

To Doubt Castl

put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, foul, and offensive to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because 'twas through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab tree cudgel, and goes down into

the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them, as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste.[1] Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there, to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitter-

[1] **Distaste**, anger.

ness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshine weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

"Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable; for my part I know not whether is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?"

"Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet let us consider, the Lord of the Country to which we are going hath said: 'Thou shalt do no murder, no not to another man's per-

son;' much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life.

"And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? Or that at some time or other he may forget to lock us in? Or but he may in short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but however, my brother, let's be patient, and endure

awhile; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother. So they continued together, in the dark, that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive, and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed

to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

"My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, and a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without light. But let's exercise a little more patience; remember how thou played'st the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody Death; wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame, that becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they

had taken his counsel. To which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves."

Then said she: "Take them into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were Pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them to pieces, and so within ten days I will do to you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before.

Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their dis-

course of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant, "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech:

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a foul dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom,

and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate as it opened made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.[1]

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to

[1] Jurisdiction, control.

engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy Pilgrims."

Many therefore that followed after read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:

"Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose Castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair."

From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, JOHN BUNYAN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This story is a parable. What is the journey Christian is taking? What is the end of the journey?

What does "Doubting Castle" mean?

What is the meaning of the "Key Promise"?

To what action does the Giant's abuse tempt Christian?

Why does he not take the step?

Have you ever read Shakespeare's play, *Hamlet?* If so, compare Hamlet's reason for not taking his own life with Christian's. Which gave the better reason?

John Bunyan, 1628–1688, was a great English religious enthusiast, who was at one time imprisoned for his zeal. While in prison, he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress* to illustrate the life of a Christian in the world.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,[1]
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on either side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

[1] **Brunswick,** a country of Germany.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation,[1] shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine[2]
For dolts that can't or won't determine

[1] **Corporation,** city's council.

[2] **Ermine.** It was customary for public officials to wear robes lined with ermine.

What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,[1]
To find in the furry civic robe ease!
Rouse up, sirs! give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.[2]

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence.
"For a guilder[3] I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain;
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

[1] **Obese,** fat.
[2] **Consternation,** great alarm.
[3] **Guilder,** a Dutch coin worth about fifty cents.

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
With light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint[1] attire.

[1] Quaint, of an old fashion.

Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked his way from his painted
tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he,
"I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of selfsame
check:
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying,
As if impatient to be playing,
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled

Over his vesture so old-fangled.
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,[1]
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam[2]
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty-thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while:
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

[1] **Cham**, the chief ruler of Tartary.
[2] **Nizam**, ruler of a province.

Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered:
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats come tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry,

As he, the manuscript he cherished,
To Ratland home his commentary:
Which was: "At the first shrill notes
of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train oil
flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter
casks:
And it seemed as if a voice,
Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery[1]
Is breathed, called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery![2]
So munch on, crunch on, take your nun-
cheon,[3]
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,[4]

[1] **Psaltery,** a musical instrument.
[2] **Drysaltery,** store of salt meats.
[3] **Nuncheon,** light midday meal.
[4] **Puncheon,** cask.

Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.

For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;[1]
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

[1] Names of wines.

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! Besides,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad,[1] and accept the prime[2]
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's[3] kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"Now," cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald[4]
With idle pipe and vesture[5] piebald?[6]

[1] **Bagdad,** the capital of the ancient Mohammedan realms.
[2] **Prime,** best, first quality.
[3] **Caliph,** the Emperor or Head of the Empire.
[4] **Ribald,** jester.
[5] **Vesture,** clothing.
[6] **Piebald,** of different colors.

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes, such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air,
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard, when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood.
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosom beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters,
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed:
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop."
When lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal[1] opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,

[1] **Portal**, door.

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy a rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what had happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street;
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor,
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn:
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania[1] there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous[2] prison
Into which they were trepanned[3]
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

ROBERT BROWNING, *Shorter Poems.*

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Do you think stanza II a good description of a pest of rats? Can you not almost see the vermin?

[1] **Transylvania**, a region of Hungary.
[2] **Subterraneous**, underground. [3] **Trepanned**, trapped.

What does the third stanza describe? What happens in stanzas IV, V, and VI?

Does the description of the Piper make it possible for you to shut your eyes and see him?

What does the Piper say he has done elsewhere?

What do you think of the picture in stanza VII? How does the one rescued rat describe what has happened? Describe the scene in stanza XII.

Explain: —

"In fifty different sharps and flats," line 20.

"furry civic robe," line 29.

"Kith and kin," line 64.

"Trump of Doom's tone," line 68.

"Already staved," line 142.

"I'll bate a stiver," line 182.

"Heaven's gate," lines 258–260.

"Let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men," lines 300, 301.

Robert Browning, 1812–1889, is one of the greatest of English poets. Most of his poetry is serious, but some is full of life and even humor. Perhaps you have read *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea:

For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

Amelia B. Welby, 1819–1859, who wrote this poem, was a Maryland poetess.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE NOTARY

In former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra,[1] a doughty[2] old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of "the one armed governor." He in fact prided himself on being an old soldier, wore his mustache curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning[3] boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket handkerchief in the basket hilt.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious,[4] and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway

[1] **Alhambra,** a famous palace in Spain.
[2] **Doughty,** valiant.
[3] **Campaigning,** for use in war.
[4] **Punctilious,** particular about small things.

the immunities[1] of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain,[2] were rigidly exacted. No one was ever permitted to enter the fortress with firearms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate, and lead his horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence[3] of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome[4] to the captain-general, who commands the province, to have thus a petty independent post in the very center of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction;[5] and from the loose vagrant character of the people who had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress, as in a sanctu-

[1] **Immunities**, privileges.
[2] **Domain**, kingdom.
[3] **Excrescence**, an unnatural growth, as a wart.
[4] **Irksome**, offensive.
[5] **Jurisdiction**, lawful control.

ary, and thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation[1] at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heartburning between the captain general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smallest of two neighboring potentates[2] is always the most captious[3] about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately at the foot of the Alhambra; and here was always a bustle and parade of guards, and domestics, and city functionaries.[4] A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it, and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering[5] his quarry[6] from his nest in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city, it

[1] **Depredation**, robbery.
[2] **Potentates**, rulers.
[3] **Captious**, particular.
[4] **Functionaries**, officials.
[5] **Reconnoitering**, searching out.
[6] **Quarry**, victim.

was in grand parade; on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, outriders, and lackeys; on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration as vicegerent of the king; though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of "the king of the beggars." One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two doughty rivals was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty[1] through the city that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandists[2] took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous

[1] **Free of duty**, without taxation.

[2] **Contrabandists**, outlaws, smugglers.

caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance[1] of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum,[2] a shrewd, meddlesome escribano,[3] or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtleties.[4] He advised the captain general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of the city, and penned a long letter for him in vindication[5] of the right. Governor Manco was a straightforward, cut and thrust, old soldier, who hated an escribano worse than the devil, and this one in particular worse than all other escribanos.

"What!" said he, curling up his mustaches fiercely, "does the captain general set his man of the pen to practice confu-

[1] **Connivance,** secret consent.
[2] **Factotum,** man of all work.
[3] **Escribano,** secretary.
[4] **Subtleties,** difficult questions.
[5] **Vindication,** proof.

sions upon me?" I'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft."

He seized his pen and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which without deigning to enter into argument he insisted on the right of transit[1] free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical[2] potentates,[3] it so happened that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress arrived one day at the gate of Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart, as rusty and stanch as an old Toledo[4] blade.

As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alham-

[1] **Transit,** passing through.
[2] **Pragmatical,** particular, quarrelsome.
[3] **Potentates,** rulers.
[4] **Toledo,** a city famous for its steel.

bra on the packsaddle of the mule, and, drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile ground and ready for a snap and snarl.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra!" said the corporal without turning his head.

"What have you in charge?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of customhouse officers rushed out of a small tollhouse.

"Hello there!" cried the leader. "Muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled around and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A fig for the governor and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the customhouse officer sprang forward and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal leveled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs, and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu [1] by the mob in Spain as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons and conducted to the city prison, while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and the capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapored [2] about the bastions,[3] and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the cap-

[1] **Impromptu**, offhand. [2] **Vapored**, talked loud.
[3] **Bastions**, fortifications.

tain general. Having vented the first ebullition[1] of his wrath, he dispatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offenses of those under his command. The captain general, aided by the pen of the delighted escribano, replied at great length, arguing, that, as the offense had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined[2] by a repetition of his demand; the captain general gave a surrejoinder[3] of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.[4]

While the subtle escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the

[1] **Ebullition**, boiling.
[2] **Rejoined**, replied.
[3] **Surrejoinder**, second reply.
[4] **Controversy**, quarrel.

prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron bound visage and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to the Spanish form, by the indefatigable[1] escribano; the corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put in capilla, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before the execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

[1] **Indefatigable**, tireless.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

"All according to the law — all in strict form of justice," said the self sufficient escribano, chuckling and rubbing his hands; "I can show your Excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch it thither," said the governor. The escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard headed veteran. He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition[1] with professional volubility.[2] By this time a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Prithee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng, that I may better hear thee," said the governor.

[1] **Deposition,** statement.

[2] **Volubility,** rapid and eager speech.

The escribano entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip, — mules, carriage, guards, and all dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel, or exchange of prisoners, — the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain general was piqued;[1] he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the center of the Plaza Nueva for the execution of the corporal.

"Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling[2] bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your escribano dangling against the sky."

[1] **Piqued,** roused. [2] **Beetling,** overhanging.

The captain general was inflexible;[1] troops were paraded in the square, the drums beat, the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs[2] gathered together to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the Bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd, with a whole progeny of little embryo[3] escribanos at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat into execution, if you hang the soldier."

The captain general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamors of her callow[4] brood. The corporal was sent

[1] **Inflexible**, firm.

[2] **Amateurs**, those who do a thing for the love of it.

[3] **Embryo**, very young.

[4] **Callow**, young, tender.

up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in his gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect and a face of iron. The escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy[1] and conceit had evaporated;[2] his hair, it is said, had nearly turned gray with affright, and he had a downcast, dogged look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his one arm akimbo,[3] and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and, above all, take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

From *The Alhambra,* WASHINGTON IRVING.

[1] **Flippancy,** lightness of manner.
[2] **Evaporated,** disappeared as in vapor.
[3] **Akimbo,** with the hand on the hip.

What was the character of the governor? With whom did he quarrel? Was the quarrel natural? What brought the quarrel finally to a head?

How did the governor save his officer? Who came out ahead finally? Who has your sympathy throughout the story? Do you think he has the author's too? What makes you think so?

Washington Irving, 1783–1859, the author of this story, was the first American writer to win a reputation in foreign countries. He wrote a life of Washington, from whom he was named, and other histories. His most widely read book is *The Sketch-Book*, containing among many other "sketches," *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, which you may have read. The above story is taken from *The Alhambra*, a book of legends and descriptions about that famous old castle in Spain.

VIRGINIA

This poem describes a famous incident in the history of Ancient Rome, — an incident that led to a change in the government of the city.

Ye good men of the Commons,[1] with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes[2] that still have stood by you,

[1] **Commons**, the lower classes.
[2] **Tribunes**, officials to protect the Commons.

Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noon-day sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten[1] bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum[2] like King Tarquin in his pride:

[1] **Ten**, *the decemvirs*, ten men who were rulers of Rome.
[2] **Forum**, a great open space enclosed by buildings, the gathering place of the Romans.

Twelve axes[1] waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance[2] with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth which always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for, close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client[3] Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheeks, for aught his lord may say.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills[4] curled the thin wreaths of smoke:

[1] **Axes**, officers called *lictors*, bearing axes in the midst of bundles of rods, attended the rulers.

[2] **Askance**, sideways. [3] **Client**, follower.

[4] **Seven Hills**, the city of Rome was built on seven hills.

The city gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive.
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet[1] Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile:

[1] Varlet, servant.

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast.
The money changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic[1] wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff[2] reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.

[1] **Punic**, from Carthage, a city in Northern Africa.
[2] **Caitiff**, coward.

Esther Peck

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her; I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
Two augurs[1] were borne forth that morn; the Consul[2] died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for aid,

[1] **Augurs,** prophets, priests.
[2] **Consul,** the highest officer in Rome.

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three moldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men today, Quirites,[1] or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece[2] bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
Oh, for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!

[1] **Quirites** (quī-rī′-tēz), a name for Romans.

[2] **Lucrece**, Lucretia, whose death was the cause of the downfall of the Tarquins, early Roman kings — according to legend.

Oh, for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill:
Exult, ye proud Patricians![1] The hard fought fight is o'er,
We strove for honors — 'twas in vain; for freedom — 'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them — keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets;[2] still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:[3]
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
But, by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,

[1] **Patricians,** the highest class, opposed to the "Commons."
[2] **Fillets,** head bands. [3] These were all symbols of authority

Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs,[1] and ancient Alban kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their care look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian[2] his single tie to life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours."
Straightway Virginius[3] led the maid a little space aside,

[1] **Pontiffs**, priests. [2] **Plebeian**, one of the common people.
[3] **Virginius**, the father of Virginia.

To where the reeking shambles stood,
piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low, dark archway, where,
in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid
his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and
hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and
his throat began to swell.
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,
"Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though
stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so.
Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How
glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I
came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to
see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and
brought me forth my gown!

Now all those things are over — yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's[1] marble halls,
Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.

[1] **Capua**, an Italian city, noted for its buildings of marble.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob, she died.

Then for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians[1] were coming o'er the wall.

[1] **Volscians,** a neighboring tribe, enemies of the Romans.

Some with averted faces shrieking fled
home amain;
Some ran to call a leech;[1] and some ran
to lift the slain,
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if
life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast,
and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched;
for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight
against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,
he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with
the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,
Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat,
and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom,
avengers of the slain.
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right
between us twain;

[1] **Leech**, doctor.

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.

And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no carts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market place, and fetch the corpse away!"

The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep, sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watchdog but half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his ax and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day,
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek,
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell:
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air,

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all
round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear
and trembling came,
For never was a Claudius yet brave
against aught but shame.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When
stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his
hands, and smote upon his thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by
me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home,
the nearest way!"
While yet he spake, and looked around
with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks be-
neath the curule chair;[1]
And fourscore clients on the left, and
fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and
staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword,
so furious was the throng,

[1] **Curule chair,** the chair in which high officials were borne.

That scarce the train with might and
main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him;
five times they seized his gown;
Small chance was his to rise again, if
once they got him down:
And sharper came the pelting; and ever-
more the yell—
"Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!"
rose with a louder swell.

From *Lays of Ancient Rome*, T. B. Macaulay.

Questions for Study

Who is telling the story? How does he emphasize its truth?

What sort of man was Appius Claudius?

Lines 73–84. Does he mean what he says? What does he mean?

Lines 102–126. Which speech was more likely to stir the Romans, that of Icilius to them, or that of Virginius to his daughter? What stirred them more than either?

Line 139. How did Appius Claudius show his character? Why did not the lictors carry away Virginia's body?

Line 210. Why did the people call for Tribunes?

How many accented syllables do you find to a verse in this poem? Do you know any other poems with as many? If you have *Evangeline* or *Miles Standish*, count the accented syllables in a line.

Lord Macaulay was an English orator, statesman, poet, and essayist. This poem is taken from a book entitled *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

STORY OF THE BIRDS AND BEASTS AND THE SON OF ADAM[a]

The fear of man by animals much stronger than he is a favorite theme of ancient writers.

I

A peacock once abode with his mate on the seashore, in a place that abounded in trees and streams, but was infested with lions and all manner of other wild beasts, and for fear of these latter the two birds were wont to roost by night upon a tree, going forth by day in quest of food. They abode thus awhile, till, their fear increasing on them, they cast about for some other place wherein to dwell, and in the course of their search, they happened on an island abounding in trees and streams. So they

alighted there and ate of its fruits and drank of its waters. Whilst they were once thus engaged, up came a duck, in a state of great affright, and stayed not till she had reached the tree on which the two peacocks were perched, when she seemed reassured.[1]

The peacock doubted not but that she had some rare story;[b] so he asked her of her case and the cause of her alarm, to which she replied, "I am sick for sorrow and my fear of the son of Adam: beware, O beware of the sons of Adam!"

"Fear not," rejoined the peacock, "now that thou hast won to us." "Praised be God," cried the duck, "who hath done away my trouble and my concern! For indeed I come, desiring your friendship."

Thereupon the peahen came down to her and said: "Welcome and fair welcome! No harm shall befall thee: how can the son of Adam come at us and we in this island in the midst of the sea? From the land he cannot win to us,[c] neither can he come up to us out of the sea. So be of good cheer

[1] **Reassured,** freed from fear.

and tell us what hath betided[1] thee from him."

"Know then, O peahen," answered the duck, "that I have dwelt all my life in this island in peace and safety and have seen no disquieting thing, till one night, as I was asleep, I saw in a dream the semblance[2] of a son of Adam, who talked with me and I with him. Then I heard one say to me, 'O duck, beware of the son of Adam and be not beguiled[3] by his words nor by that he may suggest to thee; for he aboundeth in wiles and deceit; so beware with all wariness of his perfidy, for he is crafty and guileful, even as saith of him the poet:

"'He giveth thee honeyed words with the tip of his tongue, galore,[4]
But sure he will cozen[5] thee, as the fox doth, evermore.

"'For know that the son of Adam beguileth the fish and draweth them forth of the waters and shooteth the birds with a pellet

[1] **Betided**, happened to.
[2] **Semblance**, likeness.
[3] **Beguiled**, misled.
[4] **Galore**, in abundance.
[5] **Cozen**, deceive.

of clay and entrappeth the elephant with his craft. None is safe from his mischief, and neither beast nor bird escapeth him. Thus I have told thee what I have heard concerning the son of Adam.' I awoke, fearful and trembling," continued the duck, "and from that time to this my heart hath not known gladness,[d] for fear of the son of Adam, lest he take me unawares by his craft or trap me in his snares.

"By the time the end of the day overtook me, I was grown weak and my strength and courage failed me; so, desiring to eat and drink, I went forth, troubled in spirit and with a heart ill at ease.

"I walked on till I reached yonder mountain, where I saw a tawny lion whelp at the door of a cave. When he saw me, he rejoiced greatly in me, for my color pleased him and my elegant shape: so he cried out to me, saying, 'Draw nigh unto me.' So I went up to him, and he said to me, 'What is thy name and thy kind?'[e]

"Quoth I, 'My name is "duck" and I am of the bird kind; but thou, why tarriest thou in this place till now?' 'My father, the

lion,' answered he, 'has bidden me many a day beware the son of Adam, and it befell this night that I saw in my sleep the semblance of a son of Adam.' And he went on to tell me the like of that I have told you.

"When I heard this I said to him, 'O lion, I resort to thee, that thou mayest kill the son of Adam and steadfastly address thy thought[f] to his slaughter; for I am greatly in fear for myself of him, and fear is added to my fear, for that thou also fearest the son of Adam, and thou the Sultan of the beasts.' Then, O my sister, I ceased not to bid him beware of the son of Adam and urge him to slay him, till he rose of a sudden and went out, lashing his flanks with his tail.

"He fared on,[g] and I after him, till we came to a place where several roads met, and saw a cloud of dust arise, which, presently clearing away, discovered a naked runaway ass, now running and galloping, and now rolling in the dust. When the lion saw the ass, he cried out to him, and the ass came up to him submissively.

Then said the lion, 'Hark ye, crackbrain![h] What is thy kind and what brings thee hither?'

"'O son of the Sultan,'[i] answered the ass, 'I am by kind an ass, and the cause of my coming hither is that I am fleeing from the son of Adam.'

"'Dost thou fear then that he will kill thee?' asked the lion whelp.

"'Not so, O son of the Sultan,' replied the ass, 'but I fear lest he put a cheat on me; for he hath a thing called the pad, that he sets on my back, and a thing called the girth, that he binds about my body, and a thing called the crupper, that he puts under my tail, and a thing called the bit, that he places in my mouth; and he fashions him a goad[1] and goads me with it and makes me run more than my strength. If I stumble, he curses me, and if I bray, he reviles me; and when I grow old and can no longer run, he puts a wooden panel on me and delivers me to the water carriers, who load my back with water from the river, in skins

[1] **Goad**, a sharp stick.

and other vessels, such as jars, and I wear out my life in misery and abasement and fatigue till I die, when they cast me on the rubbish heaps to the dogs. So, what misery can surpass this, and what calamities can be greater than these?'

"When, O peahen, I heard the ass's words, my skin shuddered (j) at the son of Adam, and I said to the lion whelp, 'Of a verity, O my lord, the ass hath excuse, and his words add terror to my terror.'

"Then said the lion to the ass, 'Whither goest thou?'

"'Before the rising of the sun,' answered he, 'I espied the son of Adam afar off and fled from him, and now I am minded to flee forth and run without ceasing, for the greatness of my fear of him, so haply I may find a place to shelter me from the perfidious son of Adam.'

"Whilst he was thus discoursing,[1] seeking the while to take leave of us and go away, behold, another cloud of dust arose, at sight of which the ass brayed and cried out."

[1] **Discoursing**, speaking.

II

"Presently, the dust lifted and discovered a handsome black horse of elegant shape, with white feet and fine legs and a brow star like a dirhem,[1] which made toward us, neighing, and stayed not till he stood before the whelp, the son of the lion, who, when he saw him, marveled at his beauty, and said to him, 'What is thy kind, O noble wild beast, and wherefore fleest thou into this vast and wide desert?'

"'O lord of the beasts,' answered he, 'I am of the horse kind, and I am fleeing from the son of Adam.'

"The whelp wondered at the horse's words, and said to him: 'Say not thus; for it is shame for thee, seeing that thou art tall and stout. How comes it that thou fearest the son of Adam, thou, with thy bulk of body and thy swiftness of running, when I, for all my littleness of body, am resolved to find out the son of Adam, and rushing on him, eat his flesh, that I may allay the affright of this poor duck and make her to

[1] **Dirhem**, a silver coin.

dwell in peace in her own place? But now thou hast wrung my heart [k] with thy talk and turned me back from what I had resolved to do, in that, for all thy bulk, the son of Adam hath mastered thee and feared neither thy height nor thy breadth, though, wert thou to kick him with thy foot, thou wouldst kill him, nor could he prevail against thee, but thou wouldst make him drink the cup of death.' [l]

"The horse laughed when he heard the whelp's words, and replied, 'Far, far is it from my power to overcome him, O king's son! Let not my length and my breadth nor yet my bulk delude thee, with respect to the son of Adam; for he, of the excess of his guile and cunning, fashions for me a thing called a hobble and hobbles my four legs with ropes of palm fibers, bound with felt, and makes me fast by the head to a single picket, so that I remain standing, and can neither sit nor lie down, being tied up. When he hath a mind to ride me, he binds on his feet a thing of iron called a stirrup, and lays on my back another thing called a saddle, which he fastens by two girths,

passed under my armpits. Then he sets in my mouth a thing of iron he calls a bit, to which he ties a thing of leather called a rein; and when he mounts on the saddle on my back, he takes the rein in his hand and guides me with it, goading my flanks the while with the stirrups,[1] till he makes them bleed: so do not ask, O king's son, what I endure from the son of Adam. When I grow old and lean and can no longer run swiftly, he sells me to the miller, who makes me turn in the mill, and I cease not from turning night and day till I grow decrepit.[2] Then he in turn sells me to the knacker,[3] who slaughters me and flays off my hide, after which he plucks out my tail which he sells to the sieve makers, and melts down my fat for tallow.'

"At this, the young lion's anger and vexation redoubled, and he said to the horse, 'When didst thou leave the son of Adam?' 'At midday,' replied the horse, 'and he is now on my track.'

[1] Eastern stirrups are made so as to do duty as spurs.

[2] **Decrepit**, worn out, feeble.

[3] **Knacker**, buyer of worn-out animals.

"Whilst the whelp was thus conversing with the horse, there arose a cloud of dust, and presently subsiding, discovered a furious camel, which made towards us, braying and pawing the earth with his feet. When the whelp saw how great and lusty[1] he was, he took him to be the son of Adam, and was about to spring at him, when I said to him, 'O king's son, this is not the son of Adam, but a camel, and meseems[2] he is fleeing from the son of Adam.'

"As I spoke, O my sister, the camel came up and saluted the lion whelp, who returned his greeting, and said to him, 'What brings thee hither?'

"Quoth he, 'I am fleeing from the son of Adam.'

"'And thou,' said the whelp, 'with thy huge frame and length and breadth, how comes it that thou fearest the son of Adam, seeing that one kick of thy foot would kill him?'

"'O son of the Sultan,' answered the camel, 'know that the son of Adam has wiles which none can withstand, nor can

[1] **Lusty**, vigorous. [2] **Meseems**, it seems to me.

any but death prevail against him; for he puts in my nostrils a twine of goat's hair he calls a nose ring and over my head a thing he calls a halter; then he drives me to the least of his children, and the youngling draws me along by the nose ring, for all my size and strength. Then they load me with the heaviest of burdens and go long journeys with me and put me to hard labors all hours of the day and night. When I grow old and feeble, my master keeps me not with him, but sells me to the knacker, who slaughters me and sells my hide to the tanners and my flesh to the cooks: so do not ask what I suffer from the son of Adam.'

"'When didst thou leave the son of Adam?' asked the young lion. 'At sundown,' replied the camel; 'and I doubt not but that, having missed me, he is now in search of me: wherefore, O son of the Sultan, let me go, that I may flee into the deserts and wilds.'

"'Wait awhile, O camel,' said the whelp, 'till thou seest how I will rend him in pieces and give thee to eat of his flesh,

whilst I crush his bones and drink his blood.'

"'O king's son,' rejoined the camel, 'I fear for thee from the son of Adam, for he is wily and perfidious.'[1] And he repeated the following verse:

"'Whenas on any land the oppressor doth alight,
There's nothing left for those that dwell therein but flight.'"

III

"Whilst the camel was speaking, there arose a cloud of dust, which opened and showed a short, thin old man, with a basket of carpenter's tools on his shoulder and a branch of a tree and eight planks on his head. He had little children at his hand, and came on at a brisk pace, till he drew near us. When I saw him, O my sister, I fell down for excess of affright; but the young lion rose and went to meet the carpenter, who smiled in his face and said to him, with a glib tongue: 'O illustrious king and lord of the long arm,[m] may God prosper

[1] **Perfidious**, deceitful, treacherous.

thine evening[n] and thine endeavor and increase thy valor and strengthen thee! Protect me from that which hath betided me and smitten me with its mischief, for I have found no helper save only thee.' And he stood before him, weeping and groaning and lamenting.

"When the whelp heard his weeping and wailing, he said: 'I will succor thee from that thou fearest. Who hath done thee wrong and what art thou, O wild beast, whose like I never saw in my life nor saw I ever one goodlier of form or more eloquent of tongue than thou? What is thy case?'

"'O lord of the beasts,' answered the man, 'I am a carpenter; he who hath wronged me is a son of Adam, and by break of dawn he will be with thee in this place.'

"When the lion heard this, the light in his face was changed to darkness, and he roared and snorted and his eyes cast forth sparks. Then he said: 'By Allah, I will watch this night till the dawn, nor will I return to my father till I have compassed my intent.[1]

[1] **Compassed my intent**, accomplished my purpose.

But thou,' continued he, addressing the carpenter, 'I see thou art short of step, and I would not wound thy feeling, for that I am generous of heart; yet do I deem thee unable to keep pace with the wild beasts; tell me then whither thou goest.'

"'Know,' answered the carpenter, 'that I am on my way to thy father's Vizier, the lynx;[o] for when he heard that the son of Adam had set foot in this country, he feared greatly for himself and sent one of the beasts for me, to make him a house, wherein he should dwell, that it might shelter him and hold his enemy from him, so not one of the sons of Adam should come at him.'

"When the young lion heard this he envied the lynx, and said to the carpenter: 'By my life, thou must make me a house with these planks, ere thou make one for the lynx! When thou hast done my work, go to the lynx and make him what he wishes.'

"'O lord of the beasts,' answered the carpenter, 'I cannot make thee aught till I have made the lynx what he desires: then will I return to thy service and make

thee a house, to ward thee from thine enemy.'

"'By Allah,' exclaimed the whelp, 'I will not let thee go hence till thou make a house of these planks!' So saying, he sprang upon the carpenter, thinking to jest with him, and gave him a cuff with his paw. The blow knocked the basket off the man's shoulder and he fell down in a swoon, whereupon the young lion laughed at him and said: 'Out on thee, O carpenter! Of a truth thou art weak and hast no strength; so it is excusable in thee to fear the son of Adam.'

"Now the carpenter was exceeding wroth; but he dissembled his anger, for fear of the whelp, and sat up and smiled in his face, saying, 'Well, I will make thee a house.'

"With this, he took the planks, and nailing them together, made a house in the form of a chest, after the measure of the young lion. In this he cut a large opening, to which he made a stout cover and bored many holes therein, leaving the door open. Then he took out some nails of wrought iron, and a hammer and said to the young

lion, 'Enter this opening that I may fit it to thy measure.'

"The whelp was glad and went up to the opening, but saw that it was strait;[1] and the carpenter said to him, 'Crouch down, and so enter.'

"So the whelp crouched down and entered the chest, but his tail remained outside. Then he would have drawn back and come out, but the carpenter said to him, 'Wait till I see if there be room for thy tail with thee.' So saying, he twisted up the young lion's tail, and stuffing it into the chest, whipped the lid on to the opening and nailed it down; whereat the whelp cried out and said, 'O carpenter, what is this narrow house thou hast made me? Let me out.'

"But the carpenter laughed, and answered: 'God forbid! Repentance avails nothing for what is past, and indeed thou shalt not come out of this place. Verily thou art fallen into the trap and there is no escape for thee from duress,[2] O vilest of wild beasts!'

"'O my brother,' rejoined the whelp, 'what manner of words are these?'

[1] **Strait**, narrow. [2] **Duress**, imprisonment.

"'Know, O dog of the desert,' answered the man, 'that thou hast fallen into that which thou fearedst; Fate hath overthrown thee, nor did taking thought profit thee.'

"When the whelp heard these words, he knew that this was indeed the very son of Adam, against whom he had been warned by his father when awake and by the mysterious voice in sleep; and I also, O my sister, was certified[1] that this was indeed he without doubt; wherefore there took me great fear of him for myself and I withdrew a little apart and waited to see what he would do with the young lion. Then I saw the son of Adam dig a pit hard by the chest, and throwing the latter therein, heap brushwood upon it and burn the young lion with fire. At this sight my fear of the son of Adam redoubled, and in my affright I have been these two days fleeing from him."

IV

When the peahen heard the duck's story, she wondered exceedingly, and said to her: "O my sister, thou art safe here from the

[1] **Certified,** made certain.

son of Adam, for we are in one of the islands of the sea, whither there is no way for him; so do thou take up thine abode with us, till God make easy thine and our affair."

Quoth the duck, "I fear lest some calamity come upon me by night, for no runaway can rid himself of fate."

"Abide with us," rejoined the peahen, "and be even as we;" and ceased not to persuade her, till she yielded, saying, "O my sister, thou knowest how little is my fortitude; had I not seen thee here, I had not remained."

"That which is written on our foreheads,"(p) said the peahen, "we must indeed fulfill, and when our appointed day draws near, who shall deliver us? But not a soul passes away except it have accomplished its predestined [1] term [2] and fortune." [3]

As they walked, a cloud of dust appeared, at sight of which the duck shrieked aloud and ran into the sea, crying out, "Beware, beware, albeit there is no fleeing from Fate and Fortune!"

[1] **Predestined**, fixed beforehand. [2] **Term**, time limit, life.
[3] **Fortune**, condition, good or evil.

After a while the dust subsided and discovered an antelope; whereat the duck and the peahen were reassured, and the latter said to her companion, "O my sister, this thou seest and wouldst have me beware of is an antelope, and he is making for us. He will do us no hurt, for the antelope feeds upon the herbs of the earth, and even as thou art of the bird kind, so is he of the beast kind. So be of good cheer and leave care-taking; for care-taking wasteth the body."

Hardly had the peahen done speaking, when the antelope came up to them, thinking to shelter under the shade of the tree, and seeing the two birds, saluted them and said: "I came to this island today, and I have seen none richer in herbage, nor more pleasant of habitance."[1] Then he besought them of company and amity,[2] and they, seeing his friendly behavior to them, welcomed him and gladly accepted his offer. So they swore friendship one to another, and abode in the island in peace and safety, eating and drinking and sleeping

[1] **Of habitance,** to dwell in. [2] **Amity,** friendship.

in common, till one day there came thither a ship that had strayed from its course in the sea.

It cast anchor near them, and the crew landing, dispersed about the island. They soon caught sight of the three animals, and made for them, whereupon the peahen flew up into the tree and the antelope fled into the desert, but the duck abode, paralyzed by fear. So they chased her till they caught her, and carried her with them to the ship, whilst she cried out and said, "Caution availed me nothing against Fate and Destiny!"

When the peahen saw what had betided the duck, she came down from the tree, saying, "I see that misfortune lies in wait for all. But for yonder ship, parting had not befallen between me and this duck, for she was one of the best of friends." Then she flew off and rejoined the antelope, who saluted her and gave her joy of her safety and inquired for the duck, to which she replied, "The enemy hath taken her, and I loathe the sojourn of[1] this island after her."

[1] **Sojourn of,** living on.

Then she wept for the loss of the duck and repeated the following verses:

"The day of severance[1] broke my heart in tway.[2]
God do the like unto the severance day!"

And also these:

"I pray that we may foregather[3] once again,
That I may tell her all that parting wrought of pain."

The antelope was greatly moved at hearing of their comrade's fate, but dissuaded the peahen from her resolve to leave the island. So they abode there together, eating and drinking in peace and safety, save that they ceased not to mourn for the loss of the duck, and the antelope said to the peahen: "Thou seest, O my sister, how the folk who came forth from the ship were the means of our severance from the duck and of her destruction; so do thou beware of them and guard thyself from them and from the craft of the son of Adam and his perfidy."

[1] **Severance**, parting. [2] **Tway**, two. [3] **Foregather**, meet.

But the peahen replied: "I am assured that naught caused her death but her neglect to celebrate the praises of God, and indeed I said to her, 'Verily I fear for thee, because thou art not careful to praise God; for all things that He hath made do glorify Him, and if any neglect to do so, it leadeth to their destruction.'"

When the antelope heard the peahen's words, he exclaimed, "May God make fair thy face!" and betook himself to the celebration of the praises of the Almighty, never after slackening therefrom. And it is said that his form of adoration was as follows: "Glory be to the Requiter[1] of good and evil, the Lord of glory and dominion."[2]

From the Arabic, translated by JOHN PAYNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Name the animals that were afraid of the "son of Adam."

What reason did each give for his fear?

How did the man subdue the lion?

What is the ground of man's superiority?

[1] **Requiter,** one who bestows.

[2] A form of worship among the Mohammedans.

Which of these animals tells the best story?

In what part of the world should you say the scene of this story is laid? What makes you think so? Name as many reasons as you can.

Why was it so easy for the man to deceive the lion?

Explain:

"son of Adam," (*a*) page 410.
"rare story," (*b*) page 411.
"win to us," (*c*) page 411.
"known gladness," (*d*) page 413.
"thy kind," (*e*) page 413.
"address thy thought," (*f*) page 414.
"fared on," (*g*) page 414.
"crackbrain," (*h*) page 415.

Why is the ass commonly called stupid? Is he?

Explain:

"son of the Sultan," (*i*) page 415.
"my skin shuddered," (*j*) page 416.
"wrung my heart," (*k*) page 418.
"drink the cup of death," (*l*) page 418.
"lord of the long arm," (*m*) page 422.
"prosper thine evening," (*n*) page 423.
"thy father's Vizier, the lynx," (*o*) page 424.
"That which is written on our foreheads," (*p*) page 428.

This story is very old. The author is unknown. It was probably told by professional story-tellers to eager listeners for hundreds of years before it was written out by any one.

BELSHAZZAR'S[1] FEAST

Book of Daniel, Chapter V.

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem, that the king, and his princes, and his wives, might drink therein.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, and his wives drank in them.

They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlesticks upon the plaster of the wall of

[1] **Belshazzar**, a Babylonian general, by tradition a king of Babylon.

the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans,[1] and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon: "Whosoever shall read this writing and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and shall have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonied.[2]

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the ban-

[1] **Chaldeans**: Chaldea was especially famous for its magicians or wise men.

[2] **Astonied**, astonished.

quet house; and the queen spake and said, "O king, live forever! let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed:

"There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light, and understanding, and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, — the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers.

"Forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel: "Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry?

"I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light,

and understanding, and excellent wisdom is found in thee.

"And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof; but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing.

"And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts. Now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered, and said before the king: "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king! the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor;

"And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled

and feared before him; whom he would he slew, whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.

"But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him.

"And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses. They fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

"And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this;

"But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of Heaven, and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, and thy wives, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood,

and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

"Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

"And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

"This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

"TEKEL; Thou are weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

"PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

From the Bible.

Questions for Study

Tell any other stories of Daniel that you know.

The kings of the East, being superstitious, kept about themselves "wise men" to interpret dreams and "signs." Do you see why it was natural for Daniel to be classed with these?

What especial reason does the story give for the belief by the Jews that the overthrow of Belshazzar was a punishment for his sins?

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR

Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" — and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal,[1] and he drinks the dark wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

What cometh? — look, look! Without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

[1] **Baal,** the chief god of the Babylonians.

"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read, — and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! — the Persian is come,
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's[1] on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Does the rhythm of these verses seem to you to suit the description of a gay feast? Why? How many accented syllables are there to each unaccented? Does it move swiftly or slowly?

Explain:

"dark nobles," line 2.
"Lightning's bright hand," line 20.
"conqueror's wing," line 26.

Bryan Waller Procter, 1787–1874, was a popular English poet, familiarly known as "Barry Cornwall," the name he used with his poems.

[1] **Mede,** Cyrus, king of the Medes.

THESEUS[1]

I

How Theseus lifted the Stone

Once upon a time there was a princess in Trœzene,[2] Æthra,[3] the daughter of Pittheus[4] the king. She had one fair son, named Theseus, the bravest lad in all the land; and Æthra never smiled but when she looked at him, for her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away. And she used to go up to the mountain above Trœzene, to the temple of Poseidon,[5] and sit there all day looking out across the bay, over Methana,[6] to the purple peaks of Ægina,[7] and the Attic[8] shore beyond. And when Theseus was full fifteen years old, she took him up with her to the temple, and into the thickets of the grove which grew in the

[1] **Theseus** (the′-se-us), a famous Grecian prince.

[2] **Trœzene** (trē-zēn′), a country in ancient Greece.

[3] **Æthra** (e′-thra).

[4] **Pittheus** (pit′-the-us).

[5] **Poseidon** (po-sī′-don), the god of the sea.

[6] **Methana** (meth′-a-na), a country of Greece.

[7] **Ægina** (ē-gī′-na), an island of Greece.

[8] **Attic**, of Attica, the country of Greece of which Athens was the capital.

temple yard. And she led him to a tall plane tree, beneath whose shade grew arbutus, and lentisk, and purple heather bushes. And there she sighed, and said, "Theseus, my son, go into that thicket, and you will find at the plane tree foot a great flat stone; lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and saw that they had not been moved for many a year. And searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all overgrown with ivy, and acanthus, and moss. He tried to lift it, but he could not. And he tried till the sweat ran down his brow from heat, and the tears from his eyes for shame; but all was of no avail. And at last he came back to his mother, and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it; nor do I think that any man could in all Trœzene."

Then she sighed, and said, "The gods wait long; but they are just at last. Let it be for another year. The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all Trœzene."

Then she took him by the hand, and went into the temple and prayed, and came down again with Theseus to her home.

And when a full year was past, she led Theseus up again to the temple, and bade him lift the stone; but he could not.

Then she sighed, and said the same words again, and went down, and came again the next year; but Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after; and he longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might lie underneath it; but her face was so sad that he did not have the heart to ask.

So he said to himself, "The day shall surely come when I shall lift that stone, though no man in Trœzene can." And in order to grow strong he spent all his days in wrestling, and boxing, and hurling, and taming horses, and hunting the boar and the bull, and coursing goats and deer among the rocks, till upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus; and he killed Phæa, the wild sow of Cromyon, which wasted all the land; till all the people said, "Surely the gods are with the lad."

And when his eighteenth year was past, Æthra led him up again to the temple, and said, "Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are." And Theseus went into the thicket, and stood over the stone, and tugged at it; and it moved. Then his spirit swelled within him, and he said, "If I break my heart in my body, it shall up." And he tugged at it once more, lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

And when he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals; and he caught them up, and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and leapt to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl; and Theseus stood by her wondering, and wept also, he knew not why. And when she was tired of weeping, she lifted up her head, and laid her finger on her lip, and said, "Hide them in your bosom, Theseus, my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."

Then they went outside the sacred wall, and looked down over the bright blue sea; and Æthra said.

"Do you see this land at our feet?"

And he said, "Yes, this is Trœzene, where I was born and bred."

And she said, "It is but a little land, barren and rocky, and looks toward the bleak northeast. Do you see that land beyond?"

"Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell."

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son; and it looks toward the sunny south; a land of olive oil and honey, the joy of gods and men. For the gods have girdled it with mountains, whose veins are of pure silver, and their bones of marble white as snow;[a] and there the hills are sweet with thyme and basil, and the meadows with violet and asphodel, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets, by the side of ever flowing streams. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race, the children of Cecrops the serpent king, the

son of Mother Earth, who wear gold cicalas[1] among the tresses of their golden hair; for like the cicalas they sprang from the earth, and like the cicalas they sing all day, rejoicing in the genial sun. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were king of such a land?"

Then Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad bright sea, and saw the fair Attic shore and all the mountain peaks which girdle Athens round. But Athens itself he could not see, for purple Ægina stood before it, midway across the sea.

Then his heart grew great within him, and he said, "If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb, and cry, 'Alas for the shepherd of his people!'"

And Æthra smiled, and said, "Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to Ægeus, king of Athens, who lives on Pallas's[2] hill, and say to him, 'The stone is

[1] **Cicalas,** insects like locusts.

[2] **Pallas,** the goddess of wisdom.

lifted, but whose is the pledge beneath it?' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the gods shall send."

Then she kissed Theseus, and wept over him; and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.[b]

II

How Theseus slew Procrustes

So Theseus stood there alone, with his mind full of many hopes. And first he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship, and sailing across the bay to Athens; but even that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea, and find his father. But after a while his heart began to fail him, and he sighed, and said within himself:

"What if my father have other sons about him whom he loves? What if he will not receive me? And what have I done that he should receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born; why should he welcome me now?"

Then he thought a long while sadly; and at last he cried aloud, "Yes! I will make him love me; for I will prove myself worthy of his love. I will win honor and renown, and do such deeds that Ægeus[1] shall be proud of me, though he had fifty other sons! Did not Heracles[2] win himself honor though he was opprest, and the slave of Eurystheus?[3] Did he not kill all robbers and evil beasts, and drain great lakes and marshes, breaking the hills through with his club? Therefore it was that all men honored him, because he rid them of their miseries, and made life pleasant to them and their children after him. Where can I go, to do as Heracles has done? Where can I find strange adventures, robbers, and monsters, the enemies of men? I will go by land, and into the mountains, and round by the way of the Isthmus.[4] Perhaps there I may hear of brave adventures, and do something which shall win my father's love."

[1] **Ægeus** (ē-ge′-us), king of Attica.
[2] **Heracles** (hā′-rā-klēz), Hercules, the strongest of men.
[3] **Eurystheus** (ū-ris′-the-us), a famous Greek hero.
[4] **The Isthmus**, Darien.

So he went by land, and away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh.

And as he was skirting[1] the Vale of Cephisus,[2] along the foot of lofty Parnes,[3] a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers?(c) But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up to the valley, and to reach Aphidnæ,[4] in the Vale of Cephisus."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidnæ tonight; for there are many miles of

[1] **Skirting**, going around.
[2] **Cephisus** (sĕf-i′-sus).
[3] **Parnes** (par′-nēz).
[4] **Aphidnæ** (af-id′-nē).

mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine; and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish[1] to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and, besides, he was hungry and weary; yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky like a toad's; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with

[1] Churlish, rude.

the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glens grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half-seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at that doleful place. And he asked at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their wares.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger; "well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me, too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and

we will eat and drink together the livelong[1] night. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once!"

And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot[2] in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said:

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said:

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know;(d) but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."

[1] **Livelong**, whole. [2] **Fagot**, bundle of sticks.

Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried:

"O house of Hades,[1] man devouring! will thy maw[2] never be full![e] Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years agone;[3] for I alone of all fitted this bed exactly; so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in brazen-gated Thebes;[4] but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."[f]

[1] **Hades,** the lower world of the Grecian mythology, the abode of the dead.

[2] **Maw,** stomach.

[3] **Agone,** ago.

[4] **Thebes** (thēbs), a city of Greece.

Then Theseus said nothing, but he ground his teeth together.

"Escape, then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed; and the young man's hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably — but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes,[1] the stretcher, though his father called him Damastes.[2] Flee from him: yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" and the old man screamed after him down the glen, but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding

[1] **Procrustes** (prō-crŭs′-tez). [2] **Damastes** (dă-măs′-tēz).

it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then Procrustes's countenance changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste; but Theseus leapt on him, and cried:

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and, before Procrustes could strike him, he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

And once again he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down to

Hades squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his golden ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and parted the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

III

Theseus comes to Athens

And he went down the valley by Acharnæ,[1] and by the silver swirling stream, while all the people blessed him (for the fame of his prowess had spread wide), till he saw the plain of Athens, and the hill where Athene[2] dwells.

So Theseus went up through Athens, and all the people ran out to see him; for his fame had gone before him, and every one

[1] **Acharnæ** (a-kar′-nē).

[2] **Athene** (a-thē′-nē), the goddess of wisdom, another name for Pallas, page 448.

knew of his mighty deeds. And all cried, "Here comes the hero, who slew Sinis, and conquered Cercyon[1] in wrestling, and slew Procrustes the pitiless." But Theseus went on sadly and steadfastly, for his heart yearned after his father; and he said, "How shall I deliver him from these leeches who suck his blood?"

So he went up the holy stairs, and into the Acropolis,[2] where Ægeus's palace stood; and he went straight into Ægeus's hall, and stood upon the threshold, and looked round.

And there he saw his cousins sitting about the table, at the wine; many a son of Pallas,[3] but no Ægeus among them. There they sat and feasted, and laughed, and passed the wine cup round; while harpers harped, and slave girls sang, and the tumblers showed tricks.

Loud laughed the sons of Pallas, and fast went the wine cup round; but Theseus

[1] **Cercyon** (sur'-sy-on).

[2] **Acropolis** (a-crop'-o-lis), the citadel of a Grecian city.

[3] **Son of Pallas,** Athenian. Athens was named from Pallas Athene. Hence Athenians were called Pallantids or sons of Pallas.

frowned, and said under his breath, "No wonder that the land is full of robbers, while such as these bear rule."

Then the Pallantids saw him, and called to him, half drunk with wine, "Holla, tall stranger at the door, what is your will to-day?"

"I come hither to ask for hospitality."

"Then take it, and welcome. You look like a hero and bold warrior, and we like such to drink with us."

"I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the king, the master of this house."

At that some growled, and some laughed, and shouted, "Heyday, we are all masters here."

"Then I am master as much as the rest of you," said Theseus; and he strode past the table up the hall, and looked around for Ægeus, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The Pallantids looked at him, and then at each other, and each whispered to the man next him, "This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out at the door." But each man's neighbor whispered in return, "His shoulders are broad; will you

rise and put him out?" So they all sat still where they were.

Then Theseus called to the servants, and said, "Go tell King Ægeus, your master, that Theseus of Trœzene is here, and asks to be his guest awhile."

A servant ran and told Ægeus, where he sat in his chamber within, by Medea[1] the dark witch woman, watching her eye and hand.(g) And when Ægeus heard Trœzene, he turned pale and red again, and rose from his seat trembling, while Medea watched him like a snake.

"What is Trœzene to you?" she asked. But he said hastily, "Do you not know who this Theseus is? The hero who has cleared the country from all monsters; but that he came from Trœzene, I never heard before. I must go out and welcome him."

So Ægeus came out into the hall; and when Theseus saw him, his heart leapt into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and welcome him; but he controlled himself, and said, "My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I dis-

[1] **Medea** (me-dē'-a).

cover[1] myself;" and he bowed low before Ægeus, and said, "I have delivered the king's realm from many monsters; therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king."

And old Ægeus looked on him, and loved him, — as what fond heart would not have done? But he only sighed, and said:

"It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you; for surely you are no mortal man, or at least no mortal's son."

"All that I ask," said Theseus, "is to eat and drink at your table."

"That I can give you," said Ægeus, "if at least I am master in my own hall."

Then he bade them put a seat for Theseus, and set before him the best of the feast; and Theseus sat and ate so much that all the company wondered at him; but always he kept his club by his side.

But Medea, the dark witch woman, had been watching him all the while. She saw how Ægeus turned red and pale when the lad said that he came from Trœzene. She

[1] **Discover,** disclose, make known.

saw, too, how his heart was opened toward Theseus; and how Theseus bore himself before all the sons of Pallas like a lion among a pack of curs. And she said to herself: "This youth will be master here; perhaps he is nearer to Ægeus already than mere fancy. At least Pallantids will have no chance by the side of such as he."

Then she went back into her chamber, modestly, while Theseus ate and drank; and all the servants whispered: "This, then, is the man who killed the monsters! How noble are his looks, and how huge is his size! Ah, would that he were our master's son!"

But presently Medea came forth, decked in all her jewels and her rich Eastern robes, and looking more beautiful than the day; so that all the guests could look at nothing else. And in her right hand she held a golden cup, and in her left a flask of gold; and she came up to Theseus, and spoke in a sweet, soft, winning voice:

"Hail to the hero, the conqueror, the unconquered, the destroyer of all evil things! Drink, hero, of my charmed cup, which gives rest after every toil, which heals all

wounds, and pours new life into the veins. Drink of my cup; for in it sparkles the wine of the East, and Nepenthe,[1] the comfort of the Immortals."

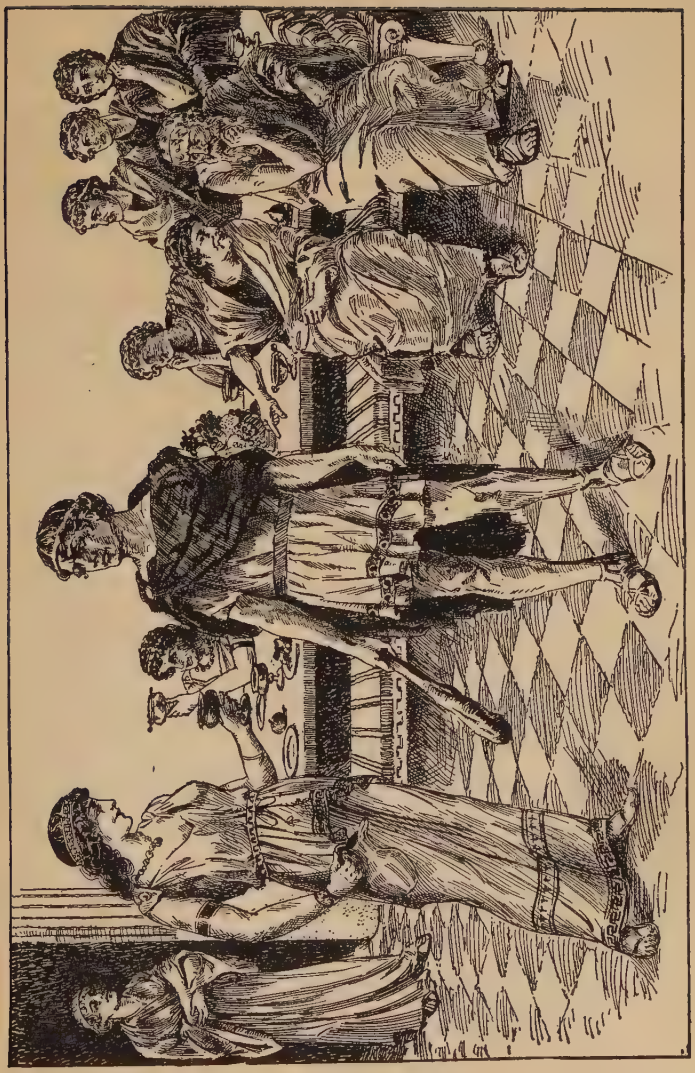
And as she spoke, she poured the flask into the cup; and the fragrance of the wine spread through the hall, like the scent of thyme and roses.

And Theseus looked up in her fair face, and into her deep dark eyes. And as he looked, he shrank and shuddered; for they were dry, like the eyes of a snake. And he rose, and said, "The wine is rich and fragrant and the wine bearer as fair as the Immortals; but let her pledge me first herself in the cup, that the wine may be the sweeter from her lips."

Then Medea turned pale, and stammered, "Forgive me, fair hero; but I am ill, and dare drink no wine."

And Theseus looked again into her eyes, and cried, "Thou shalt pledge me in that cup, or die." And he lifted up his brazen club, while all the guests looked on aghast.

[1] **Nepenthe** (ne-pen'-the), an Egyptian drug, which lulled sorrow for a day.



Medea shrieked a fearful shriek, and dashed the cup to the ground, and fled; and where the wine flowed over the marble pavement the stone bubbled, and crumbled, and hissed, under the fierce venom[1] of the draught.

But Medea called her dragon chariot, and sprang into it and fled aloft, away over land and sea; and no man saw her more.

And Ægeus cried, "What hast thou done?" But Theseus pointed to the stone, "I have rid the land of an enchantment: now I will rid it of one more."

And he came close to Ægeus, and drew from his bosom the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother bade him.

And Ægeus stepped back a pace, and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim; and then he cast himself on his neck, and wept; and Theseus wept on his neck, till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people, and cried, "Behold my son, children of

[1] **Venom**, poison.

Cecrops,[1] — a better man than his father was before him."

Who then were mad but the Pallantids, though they had been mad enough before? And one shouted, "Shall we make room for an upstart, a pretender, who comes from we know not where?" And another, "If he be one, we are more than one; and the stronger can hold his own." And one shouted one thing, and one another, for they were hot and wild with wine; but all caught swords and lances off the wall, where the weapons hung around, and sprang forward to Theseus; and Theseus sprang forward to them.

And he cried, "Go in peace, if you will, my cousins; but if not, your blood be on your own heads." But they rushed at him; and then stopped short, and railed him, as curs stop and bark when they rouse a lion from his lair.

But one hurled a lance from the rear rank, which passed close by Theseus's head; and at that Theseus rushed forward, and the fight began indeed. Twenty against

[1] **Cecrops,** fabled ancestor of the Athenians.

one they fought, and yet Theseus beat them all; and those who were left fled down into the town, where the people set on them and drove them out, till Theseus was left alone in the palace with Ægeus, his new-found father. But before nightfall all the town came up, with victims,[1] and dances, and songs; and they offered sacrifices to Athens, and rejoiced all the night long, because their king had found a noble son, and an heir to his royal house.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

I

How many times did Theseus try to lift the stone before he succeeded?

What lesson did his mother draw from these repeated failures?

(*a*) Page 447. — What is the meaning of this sentence?

(*b*) Page 449. — What became of Theseus's mother?

What did the sword and sandals mean to Theseus?

[1] **Victims,** animals to be offered as sacrifices.

II

Why did not Theseus go directly to Athens?

Find out and tell all you can of the adventures of Heracles and Eurystheus.

(*c*) Page 451.—What is lacking in this sentence? Supply it.

(*d*) Page 454. — What does this sentence mean?

(*e*) Page 455. — Explain the meaning of these exclamations.

(*f*) Page 455. — To whom does this phrase refer? Did you ever hear the phrase "the bed of Procrustes"? or the adjective "Procrustean"? What do they mean?

III

Why did the Pallantids look angrily on Theseus?

What was the object of Medea in offering Theseus the cup?

Why does not the author tell us at the outset that Theseus was the son of Ægeus? Why does not Æthra tell Theseus?

What position did the Pallantids hold at court? What do you infer as to the character of Medea?

This story is taken from *The Greek Heroes* by Charles Kingsley, a popular English clergyman and author (1819–1875). He wrote poems, novels, and popular scientific works.

A SEA LYRIC

There is no music that man has heard,
  Like the voice of the minstrel sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
  With infinite mystery.
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over its rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
  Like the love of the deep-souled sea,
Whose tide responds to the moon's soft light
  With marvelous melody.
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over its rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
  Like the grief of the wordless main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
  With an untranslated pain.

For the sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over its rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

WM. HAMILTON HAYNE.

William Hamilton Hayne, 1856–——, is the poet of the South, his home being in Augusta, Georgia. He inherits his poetical gifts from his father, William Hamilton Hayne, being, next to Poe, the most popular Southern poet.

THE FIGHT AT THE SAN JACINTO[1]

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;
"For we are a skulking lot," says he,
"Of land thieves hereabout,
And these old senores, two to one,
Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna[2] and Castillon,
Almonte brave and gay,
Portilla red from Goliad,
And Cos[3] with his smart array.

[1] The scene is laid in the war with Mexico.
[2] **Santa Anna**, a Mexican general.
[3] These are names of other Mexican leaders.

Dulces and cigarittos,
And the light guitar, ting tum!
Sant' Anna courts siesta,[1]
And Sam Houston[2] taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber —
"Is it a patter of nuts that fall?"
The foal of the wild mare whinnies —
Did he hear the Comanche[3] call?
In the brake by the calling bayou[4]
The slinking she wolves howl;
And the mustang's snort in the river sedge
Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
And a roll not loud nor long —
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,
Nor spoil Almonte's song.
Saddles and knives and rifles!
Lord! but the men were glad
When deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"
And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

[1] **Courts siesta,** takes a nap.
[2] **Sam Houston,** a pioneer of Texas.
[3] **Comanche,** an Indian tribe.
[4] **Bayou,** lake.

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
And the fifer gripped his gun.
Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,[1]
As we took the slope in a run!
And never a shout nor a shot we spent,
Nor an oath nor a prayer that day,
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
And the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge and Crockett's shot,
And Fannin's dancing blade;
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
In his joy so hot and mad —
When Millard charged for Alamo,
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
Into the shock and rout:
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge
There's no sneak's back way out!"

[1] **Texan yell,** these men were Texans. The war was chiefly over the annexation of Texas to the United States. Texas was at one time a part of Mexico, but had seceded and formed a republic by itself.

Muzzle or butt for Goliad
Pistol and blade and fist
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigarittos,
Song and mandolin!
That gory swamp is a gruesome grove
To dance fandangoes in.[1]
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
That fell in that frantic rout;
We slew and slew till the sun set red,
And the Texas star flashed out.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What did the men in the first stanza want to do? Did they get their fight? What was the result? Explain:

"he coaxed his flint and steel for a light," line 3.

"Dulces and cigarittos," line 13.

[1] **Fandango**, a Spanish dance.

"slinking she wolves," line 22.
"mustang's snort," line 23.

John Williamson Palmer, 1825–1896, was a physician, a newspaper correspondent, and a poet. A native of Baltimore, he practiced medicine in San Francisco, and was a war correspondent for a New York paper during the Civil War.

LEXICON

Ablutions, washings of the body.
Accoutered, furnished, dressed.
Acropolis, the citadel of a Grecian city.
Ægeus, king of Attica.
Ægina (E-gi′-na), an island of Greece.
Æthra (E′-thra).
Agone, ago.
Akimbo, with the hand on the hip.
Albatross, the largest of sea birds, noted for its long flights.
Alhambra, a famous palace in Spain.
Allegiance, loyalty.
Alternate, every second one.
Amateurs, those who do a thing for the love of it.
Amity, friendship.
Ancient, leader.
Annihilates, destroys utterly.
Antediluvian, before the flood, very ancient.
Apprehending, fearing.
Apprehensive, fearing.
Arbitrary, despotic, tyrannous.
Argonauts, sailors, in Greek mythology, who sailed in search of the Golden Fleece.
Argosy, a large ship.
Arrogance, self-satisfied pride.
Articulated, jointed.
Askance, sideways.

Aspect, appearance.

Asseverations, declarations.

Astonied, astonished.

Athene (A-the'-ne), the Grecian goddess of wisdom; another name for Pallas.

Attic, of Attica, the country of Greece of which Athens was the capital.

Augurs, prophets, priests.

Austere, stern.

Authentic, reliable.

Avarice, greed for money.

Avaricious, greedy.

Aver, tell.

Awry, crooked, twisted to one side.

Axes. Officers called *lictors*, bearing axes in the midst of bundles of rods, attended the rulers.

Azure, blue, the blue sky.

Baal, a heathen god named in the Bible.

Baldric, belt; *Milky Baldric*, the "*Milky Way.*"

Bastions, fortifications.

Bayou, lake.

Be. In former times "be" was used very commonly for "are."

Beetling, overhanging.

Beguiled, misled.

Bell, buoy bell, to warn ships of hidden rocks.

Belshazzar, a Babylonian general, by tradition a king of Babylon.

Beneficent, blessing, doing good.

Benjamite, of the Jewish tribe of Benjamin.

Betided, happened to.

Bonnet and plume, the hat worn by Scotchmen.

Brunswick, a country of Germany.

Buoyant, light.
Burgomaster, chief officer of a Dutch city.

Cabalistic, magical.
Cadence, tune.
Cadi, judge.
Caitiff, cowardly.
Callow, young, tender.
Campaigning, for use in war.
Canonically, according to the rules of the church.
Captious, particular.
Certified, made certain.
Chaldeans, magicians. Chaldea was especially famous for its magicians or wise men.
Chattels, personal property.
Churlish, rude.
Cicalas, insects like "locusts."
Cithern, a musical instrument.
Clerk of Oxford, a clergyman from the University of Oxford.
Clinton, an English governor of New York.
Coffers, chests for treasure.
Comanche, an Indian tribe.
Commons, the lower classes.
Compassed, accomplished.
Complexion, character, appearance.
Comport, conduct.
Comus, a magician who changed men to beasts.
Conclave, assembly.
Conduit (kon'-dit), water pipe.
Conflagration, large fire.
Consternation, great alarm.
Constituted, made up.
Consul, the highest officer in ancient Rome.
Contemplating, looking at.

Contrabandists, outlaws, smugglers.
Controversy, quarrel.
Conventicle, assembly for worship, church.
Conveyance, carriage.
Convulsed, overcome with laughter.
Corporation, city's council.
Counterfeit, make believe.
Counterpart, copy.
Couples, leashes.
Courts siesta, takes a nap.
Cozen, detective.
Crackling, the crisp skin of a roast pig.
Crank, strong.
Craven, coward.
Curule chair, the chair in which high Roman officials were borne.

Dauntless, fearless.
Decrepit, worn out, feeble.
Deposition, statement.
Depredation, robbery.
Despondency, low spirits, discouragement.
Destiny, fate.
Dexterity, skill.
Dilemma, puzzling situation
Discoursing, speaking.
Discoverer, one who finds out or makes known.
Discrimination, judgment.
Distaste, anger.
Docile, easily controlled.
Domain, kingdom.
Doughty, valiant.
Drapery, clothing.
Draught, drink.

Drysaltery, store of salt meats.
Ducats, coins worth about two dollars.
Duresse, imprisonment.

Ebullition, boiling.
Edification, instruction.
Effulgent, shining, bright.
Ejaculation, cries.
Eject, cast out.
Emblazonry, decorations.
Embryo, very young, in the egg.
Eminence, height.
Encore, a French word meaning "repeat."
Enormities, outrageous actions.
Enow, enough.
Epaulets, shoulder badges worn by army and navy officers.
Ermine, a fur worn by public officials.
Escribano, secretary.
Evaporated, disappeared as in vapor.
Evolution, turning.
Excessive, great.
Excrescence, an unnatural growth, as a wart.
Exhorting, urging.
Extremity, serious danger.

Factotum, man of all work.
Fagot, a bundle of sticks.
Falcon, a trained hawk.
Fandango, a Spanish dance.
Fantastic, fanciful.
Fatal day, day established by Fate.
Feudal System, a plan of government under which *lords* protected their *vassals*, and received military service in return.

Fillets, head bands.
Flippancy, lightness of manner.
Foregather, meet.
Fortune, condition, good or evil.
Forum, a great open space, inclosed by buildings, the gathering place of the ancient Romans.
Foundered, sunk, been wrecked.
Fowler, bird catcher.
Frank and Hun, French and Hungarian.
Frayed, rubbed.
Free of duty, without taxation.
Functionaries, officials.

Gadded, twined about.
Galliard, a lively dance.
Galore, in abundance.
Genii, spirits having great powers.
Genoese, Columbus.
Georgius Secundus, King George Second of England.
Giants' Causeway, a famous cliff on the coast of Ireland, said by tradition to have been made by giants.
Gleesome, jolly.
Goad, a sharp stick.
Golden Age, a time, either past or future, having all things perfect and happiness universal.
Greeks, people of Greece.
Green Mountain Boys, favorite name for the sons of Vermont.
Grimace, a "made-up" face.
Groat, silver coin worth fourpence.
Guilder, a Dutch coin worth about fifty cents.

Hades, the lower world of the Grecian mythology, the abode of the dead.
Harbingers, forerunners, prophets.

Hawks on wrist, trained hawks kept to hunt other birds. They were attached by cords to the wrists of their owners.

Haytian, of Hayti.

Hazardous, dangerous.

Hereditary, handed down from parent to child.

High Mightiness, title of high officials of Holland.

Hoopoe, a small bird having a beautiful crest.

Horrent, rough, bristling.

Husbandry, farming.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus. In the Greek myth, they fastened wings to themselves with wax and flew up into the sky. Icarus flew too near the sun, which melted the wax. The wings dropped off, and Icarus fell into the sea and was drowned.

Imminent, near at hand, threatening.

Immitigable, hard, immovable.

Immunities, privileges.

Implements of husbandry, farming tools.

Impositions, taxes.

Impregnable, too strong to break through.

Impromptu, offhand.

Inanimate, lifeless.

Indefatigable, tireless.

Indian Isles, India, the land that Columbus supposed he had reached.

Inevitable, not to be escaped.

Inflexible, firm.

Ingenuous, simple, trusting.

Innumberable, countless.

Inquisition, inquiry.

Insignia, especial marks or signs.

Instantaneously, at once.

Instinctive, natural, without thinking.
Intricate, difficult, confusing.
Invigorating, strengthening.
Involuntarily, without intention.
Irksome, disagreeable.
Irradiated, gave out like rays.
Irrevocable, that cannot be recalled.
Iser (E'-zer), a river of Austria and Bavaria.

Kerguelen's Land, an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean.
Knarred, knotted.
Knees, in a boat, bent pieces of wood.

Laggard, one who "hangs back," slow.
Lascar, a native soldier or sailor of the Orient.
Laureate, official poet.
Leech, doctor.
Leviathan, the whale.
Linden, Hohenlinden, a village of Bavaria, where a battle was fought in 1800 between the French armies of Napoleon and the native Germans.
Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, destroyed by an earthquake in 1755.
Livelong, whole.
Lodore, a waterfall in England.
Luminous, bright, giving light.
Luncheon, light midday meal.
Lunette, a kind of fortification.
Lusty, vigorous.
Luxuriantly, with an abundant growth.

Mail, a fabric made of metal rings used for making suits of armor.

Main, sea.
Malignity, intent to harm.
Manuscript, written book.
Margined, bounded, lined along.
Maw, stomach.
Meads, meadows.
Merops, birds somewhat similar to the hoopoes.
Methana (Meth'-a-na), a country of Greece.
Mickle, much, large amount.
Miniature, a very small copy or picture.
Miscellany, mixture of odd material.
Monsters, strange creatures.
Morris, a rustic dance at one time common in England.
Moslem, Turk, Mohammedan.
Mountebanks, cheats, tricksters.
Mummeries, masquerades.
Mummers, maskers, clowns.
Mundane mutations, worldly changes.
Munich, chief city of Bavaria.

Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French.
Navigate, sail.
Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.
Nepenthe, an Egyptian drug, which lulled sorrow for a day.
Nether, lower.
Nizam, ruler of a province.
Nummies, numbskulls, foolish fellows.

Obese, fat.
Offal, waste, garbage.
Offensive weapons, weapons to attack with.
Of habitance, dwelling.
Opecancanough (O-pe-can'-ca-nough), a famous Indian chief.
Opulence, wealth.
Otsego, a lake in Central New York.

Pageantry, formal display.
Pallas, the goddess of wisdom.
Pantofles, slippers.
Patricians, the highest class, opposed to the "Commons."
Pendulous, hanging down.
Pensive, sadly thoughtful.
Perfidious, deceitful, treacherous.
Perpetual, everlasting.
Phalanx, army in close order.
Piece, fowling piece, gun.
Pilgrims under vows, travelers to a religious shrine to fulfill a vow.
Piqued, roused.
Plebeian, of the common people.
Portal, gate.
Poseidon (Po-si'-don), the god of the sea.
Post (by), by hired horses.
Postillion, the rider on the leading horse.
Potentates, rulers.
Practiced minstrelsy, skillful singing.
Pragmatical, meddlesome.
Precincts, boundaries.
Predestined, fixed beforehand.
Premonitory, warning.
Presentiment, anticipation of evil.
Provincials, people from the provinces, rustics.
Psaltery, a musical instrument.
Puncheon, cask.
Punctilious, particular about manners.
Punic, from the city of Carthage in Africa.
Pur, *casting lots;* in ancient times a religious ceremony, an appeal to the gods for guidance and knowledge.
Purification, preparation for religious ceremony.

Quarry, victim.
Quirites (Qui-ri′-tez), a name for Romans.

Rampant, standing with forepaws in the air as if to strike, raging.
Rappahannock, a river in Virginia.
Reassured, freed from fear.
Receded, moved backward.
Reconnoiter, to look about.
Reconnoitering, searching out.
Rejoined, replied.
Release, relieve of some of their taxes.
Remorseless, pitiless, cruel.
Reprobate, evil.
Requisite, necessary.
Requiter, one who bestows.
Resemblance, likeness.
Respiration, breathing.
Retributory, punishing.
Reverberate, resound, echo.
Riot, wildness, improper conduct.
Rout, rabble.
Rover, pirate.
Rumination, deep thought.

Sam Houston, a pioneer of Texas.
Santa Anna, a Mexican general.
Santee, a river of South Carolina.
Satraps, rulers of small divisions of the Persian Empire.
Scaur, cliff.
Sedate, serious, solemn.
Self-complacent, self-satisfied.
Semblance, likeness.
Semi-feudal state, half-feudal (see Feudal System).

Sensible, aware of.
Sentry-guarded croft, farm guarded by sentinels.
Seven Hills. The city of Rome was built on seven hills.
Severance, separation.
Shushan, Susa, the ancient capital of the Median Empire.
Siesta, a nap.
Similitude, likeness.
Skirting, going round.
Sojourn of, living on.
Solway, a firth, or inlet, on the Scottish coast, famous for its tides.
Son of Pallas, Athenian. Athens was named from Pallas Athene. Hence, Athenians were called Pallantids, or Sons of Pallas.
Stave, song.
Stentorian, very loud.
Stocks, an instrument for punishment.
Strait, narrow.
Subservient, obedient.
Subsided, settled down, ceased.
Subterraneous, underground.
Subtleties, difficult questions.
Suffusions, spreading of color.
Suliote, Grecian.
Surge, wave.
Surrejoinder, reply to a reply.
Symbolic, being a sign.

Tarn, pool, mountain lake.
Tebeth, the tenth month of the ancient Jews.
Ten, the decemvirs, ten men who were rulers of Rome.
Term, time limit, life.
Terminated, ended.

Termination, ending.
Theseus (The′-se-us), a famous Grecian prince.
The "Swamp Fox," a title given to General Marion.
Toledo, a city of Spain famous for its steel.
Took in fee, took possession of.
Took wing, became quickly known.
Transit, passage through.
Transylvania, a section of Hungary.
Trepanned, trapped.
Tribunes, Roman officials to protect the Commons.
Tricolor, *three-colored*, the name of the flag of France, which is red, white, and blue.
Trœzene (Tre′-zēn), a country in ancient Greece.
Tubulated, having a tube within.
Tway, two.
Twisted bore, a gun barrel made of twisted steel.

Ugly-visaged, having an ugly face.
Undaunted, not afraid.
Unfrequented, lonely.

Vapored, talked aloud.
Varlet, servant.
Venerated, regarded with reverence.
Venom, poison.
Verdure, green growths.
Verge, spindle of a watch.
Victims, animals to be offered as sacrifices.
Vindication, proof.
Visage, face.
Visionary, unreal.
Volscians, a neighboring tribe, enemies of the Romans.
Volubility, rapid and eager speech.
Voluntarily, at one's own will.

Votaries, followers.
Votive, consecrated.

Waterspout, a whirling mass of water.
Waxed end, the end of a cobbler's thread, having a bristle.
Welkin, the sky.
Whit, particle.

Zealot, one unreasonably devoted to a cause.

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BY

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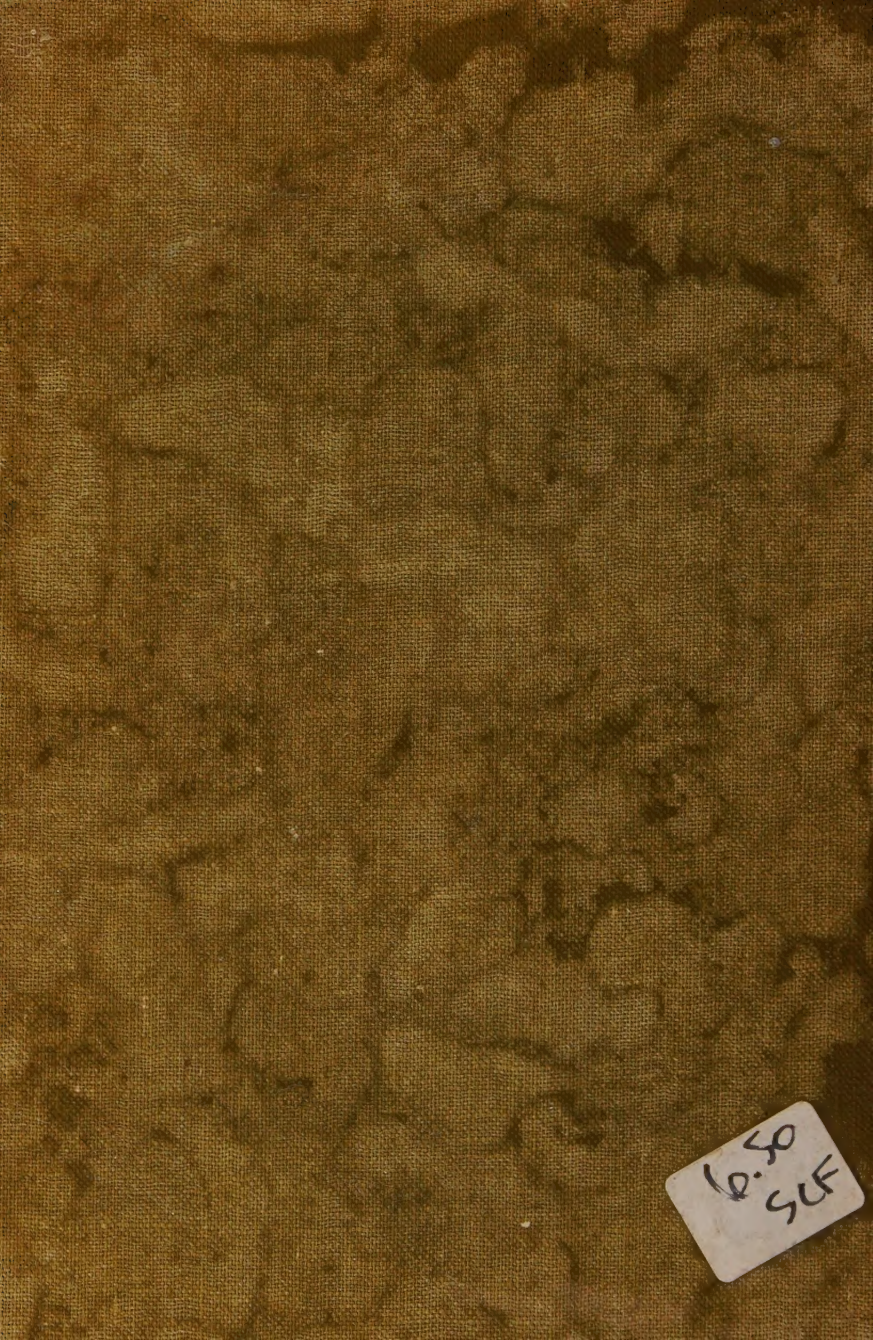
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